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TOGLIATTI by R. H. S. Crossman

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The Lesson of Berlin

FOR once the headlines have not exaggerated. The workers of East Berlin have risen with characteristic bravery against their masters; and apparently their example has been followed in many other cities of the Eastern Zone. Since the German Communist Government and the *Volkspolizei* were quite unable to deal with the situation, the Red Army was forced to intervene.

These are the undoubted facts. To estimate their significance, we must judge them against their proper background. In the first place, the strike of building trade operatives in the Stalinallee—the spark which set off this mass movement—was the result, not of ruthless repression, but of the Kremlin's sudden decision to reverse the process of Sovietisation and relax control of movements between the East and West Zones. It was not because the lid was screwed down yet more tightly, but because it was suddenly lifted by a fraction, that the German brew blew up in the face of the Russians. In the second place, it must be remembered that millions of dollars have been expended on the R.I.A.S. and Free Europe radio stations and on the organisation of an "underground" in Eastern Germany. In this case what was certainly a genuine explosion of working-class wrath was undoubtedly exploited by American psychological warfare. In the third place, it should not be forgotten that nothing of this sort could have occurred were it not for the fact that West Berlin is a unique advance-post in the heart of Soviet Germany, from which illegal activities can be organised and in which the revolutionaries can take refuge if the chase gets too hot. To say this is not to minimise the courage of the Berlin workers. In their assault on the regime of Pieck and Ulbricht, they displayed a spirit which would have been sufficient to prevent Hitler's conquest of power. But whereas twenty years ago the West was indifferent to their fate, it has been actively stimulating their rebellious efforts in 1953.

The question is: what next? In this journal we have steadfastly set our face against the policy of "liberation." No one has the right to incite the peoples of Eastern Germany or the rest of Eastern Europe to revolt, unless he is prepared to sustain their struggle with something more effective than propaganda speeches. Are we ready to see British and American tanks cross the frontier into Eastern Germany? If we are not, our message to the Eastern workers must be one of caution and restraint. What they long for is an end of the miserable satellite regime under which they live, and of the cold war which prevents the unification of their country. But the only way that these objectives can be peacefully achieved is by free elections throughout Germany. And for such elections to take place, what is necessary is not incitement to violence against the Russians but the resumption of Four-Power negotiations.

We are glad to observe that one effect of the Berlin rising has been to cut short Dr. Adenauer's sustained and stubborn opposition to Four-Power talks. He has been compelled to concede something at least to Mr. Ollenhauer's view that the price of German rearmament is far too high if it means leaving eighteen million of his countrymen cut off in the Eastern Zone. The Chancellor now seems amenable to the Socialist demand for an early Four-Power conference on Germany. We also note with relief that the Russian reaction has not been to reverse the policy of relaxation and appeasement which they initiated a fortnight ago. Though, inevitably, martial law has been declared, they still seem determined to continue their efforts to prepare the way for a peace conference. With the German Communist regime so utterly discredited, their task will be difficult enough. It is to be hoped that Mr. Eisenhower will not make it impossible by encouraging the warriors of the "anti-Cominform" to seek still further vicarious victories. Western psychological warfare should be sharply curbed in order to discourage further violence in the Eastern Zone, and our propagandists instructed to explain to the workers of Berlin that this is

being done, not because we callously desire to leave them behind the Iron Curtain, but because the best chance of liberating them is to respond peacefully to the Russian peace overtures. Surely we have learnt in Korea the lesson of what happens when we lightheartedly set out to unite a partitioned country by force of arms.

There is another reason why the Premier should throw his influence on the side of caution and restraint in Germany. The rising of the East Berliners was not an isolated incident. All over Europe, in the West as well as in the East, the sudden, unexpected hope that the cold war might be brought to an end has caused chaotic upheavals of public opinion. While these upheavals, in Communist-controlled countries, inevitably assume a revolutionary character, in the West they take less violent but no less significant forms. The French and Italian reactions, for instance, to the Rosenberg affair—essentially a protest against an American act of cold war ruthlessness—are a symptom of discontent which Mr. Eisenhower would do well to observe. What we are witnessing today is a vast, inchoate stirring of the European masses. For a time they watched, numb and acquiescent, the preparations for atomic war. Now, stirred by a sudden glimpse of peace, they are seeking once again the independent use of their limbs.

By the Short Hairs

The "ultimatum" handed on Wednesday by Syngman Rhee to General Mark Clark makes a bad business worse than ever: it shows that Rhee remains completely unimpressed alike by the messages from President Eisenhower, the news that the President of the General Assembly is "shocked," and by the forthright wording of the British Note condemning South Korea's "treacherous violation" of U.N. authority. Rhee now formally declares that, if an armistice is signed, South Korean forces will be removed from the U.N. Command.

This places General Clark in a highly embarrassing position. He has to make some reply to the letter from Marshal Kim Il-sung, delivered at Panmunjon last Saturday. Apart from protesting at the "collusion" of the U.S. in the release of prisoners, this letter put several pointed questions. Would an armistice include Syngman Rhee? If not, what assurances would be given that South Korea would not break the truce? Is the U.N. Command able to control the South Korean army? If so, would steps be taken to recover the prisoners released and now being "press-ganged" into Rhee's forces? To none of these questions can General Clark now give a reply likely to satisfy the Communists; and, though Peking Radio is still emphasising the urgency of a truce, the American position is further compromised by General Clark's failure to take effective steps to round up or resume U.N. control over the prisoners now in South Korean hands.

The question is what the U.S. will do now. Several courses of action are open. The first, which would please Senator McCarthy—he has declared that Rhee merits "the plaudits of the whole world"—would be to admit that Rhee holds the U.N. Command by the short hairs, to let him dictate strategy, and to go forward with the R.O.K. army in an attempt to drive the Communist forces beyond the Yalu River. This policy might be supported by some elements in the Pentagon and in the local American Command, but it would be quite intolerable for America's allies: British Commonwealth forces would, beyond question, have to be withdrawn from Korea; and few, if any, of the other U.N. member States would be prepared to shed further blood in such a cause.

The second course would be to accept Rhee's alternative suggestion and to endeavour to secure, as between the Communists and the U.N. Command, a unilateral armistice excluding South Korean forces, and providing for the evacuation of Korea by all forces other than Koreans, North or South. There is little prospect of agreement on such a basis. Since Rhee makes no bones about his intention to attack North Korea—his present attitude recalls his bellicose utterances just before the North Koreans crossed the 38th Parallel in 1950—it is almost inconceivable that the Chinese would consent to leave their North Korean allies at the mercy of his (at present) superior forces. If, however, the Chinese again intervened, Rhee is stipulating that America, if not the U.N., must once more come to his aid. Accordingly, an armistice which excluded South Korea would in all probability merely lead to a fresh, and perhaps still more dangerous, war.

The third policy—and it is one which follows logically from Sir Winston Churchill's hint that further U.N. troops may be needed in Korea to "enforce a policy of peace"—would be to take Syngman Rhee and his Government (including, particularly, his fire-eating General Wong Yonduk) into protective custody, to declare South Korea a temporary protectorate of the U.N., guaranteed as such against aggression, and to negotiate with the North Koreans and the Chinese a peace treaty which provided for the economic reconstruction of the country by U.N. agencies from which all the present combatants would be excluded. Such a policy would obviously require formal authorisation by the U.N.; but an emergency meeting of the Assembly for this purpose could be quickly arranged, and it is only on some such lines that the U.N., so far as we can see, can either bring the war to an end or save its authority from humiliation and disgrace.

Saving the New Towns

The faster construction proceeds in the New Towns, the more obvious it becomes that physical success may cripple them. Both house and factory building have run far ahead of amenities, and the present level of building costs is not only enforcing economies in style and standards, but it is also making it almost impossible for the Corporations to have any hope of paying their way in the long run. Some of the difficulties may be temporary. Lord Mancroft, in the debate in the House of Lords this week, made it clear that the Government is at least aware of the problem, and has promised a larger allocation of money for "social" buildings. More licences and location certificates may also be granted to provide greater industrial diversity. But it remains broadly true that economies that are made now are unlikely to be made up in later years. Unless, for instance, some special provision is made for school building, it is probable that the chronic shortage of school places will last throughout the period of expansion. For not only is the overcrowding of schools as bad in the New Towns as anywhere, but children are streaming in as fast or faster than school places can be provided. It is difficult for county authorities to take emergency action on behalf of newcomers whose migration is the result of national policy, and there is a strong case for special grants from the Treasury to offset this burden. There is, indeed, an overwhelming case for a thorough review of New Town finances as a whole. The longer the Corporations are left to try to make ends meet on a financial basis appropriate to 1947 rather than 1953, the worse their ultimate problem becomes. Already the tendency is to build modified high-rent housing estates rather than New Towns. Yet these were intended to be our greatest experiment in social planning—a demonstration that life in a communally designed town can be better than in one which grows like a rabbit-warren. Abandonment of this conception would be deplorable.

Deadlock in Dublin

How long will Mr. De Valera remain in office? His position in the Dail has become notably uncertain since the failure of his candidates in the recent bye-elections at Wicklow and East Cork. But it is not untenable, and he has already indicated that there will be no dissolution until his Government is defeated in the Dail. The two bye-elections are striking evidence that the tide is running strongly against Fianna Fail, and that Mr. Costello's Fine Gael Party is still riding on the wave of electoral popularity which was manifest in the 1951 election. This is especially interesting since the bye-elections took place just after the announcement of a satisfactory trade agreement with the U.K.; and that fact makes the results all the more ominous for Fianna Fail. At present there is no likelihood of a good electoral issue presenting itself to Mr. De Valera. Unless indeed he could contrive to turn the Health Bill, now before the Dail, into the subject of an election, it is improbable that an appeal to the country could result in anything other than an appreciable loss of seats to his Party. The Health Bill, however, could be the precipitating factor. With Government and Opposition exactly balanced, disproportionate power rests in the hands of Dr. Browne's small band of Independents. This group has given steady support to Mr. De Valera since 1951; but Dr. Browne is still opposed to a means test in the projected Health Scheme, and Fianna Fail, at the behest of the Roman Catholic bishops, have accepted this principle and amended the Health Bill to admit it. However, on the Health Bill the Opposition also is divided, so that the defection of Dr. Browne, on this issue alone, need not trouble Mr. De Valera too much. Independents tend to fight shy of elections, and it is unlikely that Dr. Browne will deliberately contrive the Government's fall. Mr. De Valera may well struggle on for a little while longer; but, since the loss of a single Independent vote could bring about an election, deadlock could scarcely be more complete.

PARIS

France and the Rosenbergs

Our Paris Correspondent writes: The real excitement in Paris, these past few days, was not over the Cabinet crisis, and not even over Berlin, but over the Rosenbergs. "Excitement" is hardly the right word—it was real emotion, a sort of *mystique* that swept the whole country, including the Churches, members of every parliamentary party, right up to M. Herriot and President Auriol, educationists, lawyers and intellectuals of every political persuasion, and the editorial staffs of Right, Left and Centre newspapers. There was a sort of national unity over the Rosenbergs that one had not seen in any connection for a long time. This inevitably produced some ironical comments from the *New York Times*; but the fact remains that, today, Justice Douglas is the great hero of France, and of a great deal of Europe.

Was the emotion worked up artificially? Was it basically the expression of an anti-American mood? This aspect should not be exaggerated. For if there were many anti-Americans who pleaded for the Rosenbergs there were also many pro-Americans who felt that the execution of the Rosenbergs would create a deep moral gulf between America and Europe. The psychological background of the wave of emotion that swept France was perhaps best explained by M. Beuve-Méry in the *Monde*, who wrote:

> Other murders, equally horrible, are committed daily throughout the world; and in many of these other cases even the outward legal forms are not observed. . . . Nor are we French in the best position for preaching justice and equity to others. Why then this tremendous emotion over a couple of unknown people on the other side of the ocean? . . . Is it not that the circumstances surrounding the Rosenberg case raised the problem of their life and death to the high level of a symbol, a symbol of those essential values which are the last justification of Western civilisation? That is why the Rosenbergs' death can only be considered as a grave defeat to the Atlantic alliance, and a victory for its enemies. . . . While the other half of the world, as if tired of its own tyranny, was showing signs of gradually opening up, our world seemed to be closing up. . . .

On the night the Rosenbergs died, there was rioting outside the American Embassy in the Place de la Concorde. Large police forces were there to protect the Embassy, which they did conscientiously; but, although there were a number of people injured (one of them seriously), I never saw French policemen hit out quite so flabbily before. Their heart was not in it.

Maybe the French, some may say, have gone queer in other ways too. For example, there was a general sigh of relief when M. André Marie was defeated by a large majority at the National Assembly. Both Parliament and public opinion showed thereby that they would rather see the crisis go on than sink back into the bog. They had, thanks to Mendès-France, and, to a lesser extent, thanks to Reynaud, tasted blood: they had caught a glimpse of a new, imaginative, constructive policy—which no one was less qualified to represent than M. Marie. President Auriol's plea that all good men sink their differences and "compromise" savoured too much of a solution whereby all constructive measures would cancel each other out. Now that M. Pinay has declined the honour, the list of obvious candidates is approaching exhaustion. It looks, indeed, more and more as though a new election was not only becoming inevitable, but was being desired by the country, not in a mood of exasperation but in a mood of hope—the hope that a courageous policy may be agreed on by a new Assembly. . . .

Finally, the reaction to Berlin. With the exception of *Franc-Tireur*, which gloried in the sight of the freedom-loving Germans shaking off the fetters of Soviet tyranny, very few people in France were *really* pleased—despite a good deal of anti-Soviet *Schadenfreude*. "Get soft with the Germans, and they'll get bloodyminded at once," was one comment from people who remembered the French occupation of the Rhineland in the old days. Officially the Communists attributed the Berlin rioting to *provocateurs*; privately they recalled that the German working class had already once badly let down Lenin . . . and could never really be trusted. But, worst of all, from almost every point of view, was the effect all this might have on the possibility of a Four-Power settlement on Germany — which the Russians were obviously wanting, even if Adenauer was not.

NAIROBI

The Tasks of the Future

A Correspondent in Kenya writes: Quite a number of people here definitely believe that the Government has turned the tables on Mau Mau —so definitely that they are already beginning to address themselves to the larger tasks of the future. As opposed to this, we have General Erskine's own word that both the size of Mau Mau gangs, and the area in which they are active, continue to be impressive.

That being so it is clearly unwise for politicians at this stage to stir up controversies likely to disturb the all-round co-operation which is the prime need of the hour. The most effective way of instilling further doubts in those who till recently were, or who even now are, waverers between Mau Mau and the Government, would doubtlessly be to tell them that (unless they happen to be Europeans) they can have no future with the Government after Mau Mau.

Yet Colonel Grogan, the doyen of the European Elected Members, who is frequently described in the White press as their "veteran" leader, told his constituents on Friday that they faced "dark and dangerous times looming ahead"—times, presumably, when the European in Kenya will be called upon to share his political and economic power with the non-European as freely as he today shares his battle against the Mau Mau!

That is a regrettable line of thought. That co-operation in the present struggle should be happy and welcome, but partnership afterwards should be regarded as a "dark and dangerous" prospect, is neither fair nor honest. It is certainly highly unsatisfactory from the standpoint of the non-European races in the Colony. But Colonel Grogan did not rest here; he went on categorically to declare: "They (the Europeans would never submit to any form of constitution that could possibly imperil—now or in the far future—the unquestioned ascendency and control of the British people, to whom the territory was entrusted by the indigenous population."

By such an approach Colonel Grogan is prejudicing not only the restoration of order but also the chances of a satisfactory solution for the future. For if this is the spirit in which the Europeans are going to participate in the all-race conference which successive Colonial Secretaries have been promising us in Kenya, then the utter failure of that conference's objectives is a dead certainty, a foregone conclusion. At present it appears that such a failure is the very aim of the settler community. It is said that some Europeans (who so far have been resisting the demand of the non-Europeans for this conference) have now changed their tactics and will soon express willingness to face it—with the sole object of "getting it out of the way" and of demonstrating its hopelessness as an instrument for the shaping of the future.

NORTH BERKSHIRE

A Crucial Bye-Election

Our Parliamentary Correspondent writes: A constituency which, in 1951, returned a Conservative M.P. by a majority of 4,883 votes is not "marginal" in the ordinary sense of the word. Yet the North Berkshire bye-election, caused by Sir Ralph Glyn's peerage, is being fought with all the intensity of a needle match. The Labour campaign is being directed by professional organisers from Transport House; a town-suited swarm of M.P.s has descended on every hamlet from Hinksey to the White Horse; Tories are admitting a twinge of anxiety about the result; and the national press has for the past week been giving the contest almost daily coverage. Is there any justification for all this fuss? It is certainly true that, in Mr. Ted Castle, Labour has a candidate well above the average in merit and local popularity, who is carrying his campaign into the 127 villages of this scattered constituency more vigorously and effectively than it has ever been carried before; that there has in recent years been a considerable influx of industrial population into the division (it contains, for instance, Harwell); that the occupation of the post-1945 housing estates has removed a considerable number of agricultural workers from the tyranny of the tied cottage; and that the ex-Member was held in a degree of esteem, particularly by more Liberal elements, to which his successor cannot aspire. But against all that, Tory resources in this hitherto safe seat are being fully tapped, perhaps for the first time; the Tory candidate, free of the taint of independence which in recent years had caused Sir Ralph Glyn more than once to kick over the Party traces, is a sound and popular Party man; and, unlike 1951, there is a Liberal candidate. Opinions differ about his effect: the best guess may be that in a division with something of a radical tradition, and with a Liberal vote in 1950 of 6,612, he may take anything up to three or four thousand anti-Government votes which might otherwise go Labour.

Assessing all these local factors, and assuming from the evidence of the Gallup Poll and recent bye-elections that the tide of popularity is running pretty strongly with the Government, one cannot find any adequate reason, in spite of a healthy optimism in the Labour committee rooms, to expect a dramatic result. Everything suggests a natural Tory win.

For all that, the interest and importance of this fight is real. Its interest lies in the striking response to a vigorous Labour campaign in the villages. The effect of a fighting candidate on the morale of Labour supporters in this very rural area is a reminder of the great gains which may await the Party when it can direct its policy to wooing the farm workers as effectively as it always has its industrial followers. The importance of this election, one senses, is even greater to the Central Office and Transport House than to the voters concerned. It may even determine the date of a general election. North Berkshire is likely to be the nearest approach to a marginal contest this side of the summer holiday. There are, apparently, no factors (as there may have been at Sunderland) to impair the significance of the result: here the Labour candidate will secure the maximum Labour vote. If he makes any significant dent in the Government majority, the prospect of an autumn election disappears. If—and this is not impossible—the supposed swing of opinion towards the Government is confirmed by any significant Tory gain, then the advisers who are pressing the Prime Minister to go to the hustings while the going is good will have their case considerably strengthened.

The Scandal of the Schools

If Miss Horsbrugh, by her feeble and inglorious acceptance of Mr. Butler's education cuts, is the guiltiest party in the scandal of the schools, she is not the only one to blame. In fact, the miscalculated figure of additional school places required between 1945 and 1953, which was the main target for the criticisms of the Estimates Committee in their last week's report, was established by the Labour Government and subsequently reaffirmed by the present Administration. The report of the Committee makes it clear that the original calculation was unsoundly based ("a whole mass of guesswork," said the Ministry's chief witness in his evidence), and that the unfortunate consequences of that initial mistake were aggravated by Miss Horsbrugh's obstinate reaffirmation of the erroneous figure, even when the evidence against it began to become apparent.

This miscalculation, however, regrettable though it has been, is of itself a secondary matter. The compelling issue which presents itself to the public is one of social priorities. At a time of rapid social advance, overcrowding and dilapidation are still the commonest features of our national schools. Owing to an insufficiency of school building this country has still failed to create an educational system which bears any relation to the fair words of the 1944 Act. Within the Welfare State, almost a third of our children are compelled to struggle through school in conditions of statutory overcrowding, some of them in surroundings of dirt and decay which would have caused comment in Dickens's day; while, of the rest, the relatively few who are fortunate enough to have found places in attractive, clean and modern schools are far outnumbered by their brothers and sisters who, while spared the squalor of illegal overcrowding and the extremes of dilapidation, are still condemned to dismal, inefficient, obsolete buildings which must hinder education rather than helping it.

In these circumstances, Miss Horsbrugh cannot be blamed for the evils she inherited. If Opposition opinion is just in holding her to be the most incompetent of Sir Winston Churchill's Ministers, it is because she gives no indication of appreciating the magnitude of the problem of which she is the legatee. At a time when a redoubled building effort is required if the provisions of the 1944 Act are to be implemented in the foreseeable future, Miss Horsbrugh accepts cuts. At a time when a determined and authoritative Minister is needed to rescue education, she is content with a place outside the Cabinet, deferring, without effective protest, not only to the Chancellor (to whom in the end she has to yield), but also to her chief competitors for building resources, the Ministers of Housing and Supply, to whom she weakly plays second fiddle at the expense of the children committed to her care.

But what of the Labour Government? Miss Horsbrugh's incompetence does not alter the fact that she inherited her main problem. Was the Labour Government to blame? We believe that to some extent it was. It could not in any case have overcome in six years the difficulties which it had itself inherited from the past. But it also tended to give education too low a priority. Labour Chancellors, too, reacted to recurring economic crisis by sometimes ill-judged capital investment cuts; and it can be argued that under the Labour Government, as well, education secured too small a proportion of available building resources. Certainly, the non-traditional building methods, which in recent years have both cheapened and speeded school building, were delayed too long.

The real importance, however, of the Select Committee's report is the lesson which can be learned for the future. Here the report itself is relevant in its detailed administrative suggestions for improving the efficiency of the Ministry's planning machine. But, in essence, the problem is one of priorities—and there *Challenge to Britain* is the more relevant document. It states that the Labour Party's first aim in the field of education is "to improve the quality of education by reducing the size of classes"; and later, "We will take energetic action to provide the buildings required." So be it. But has the Party considered, in the light of recent experience, what has to be done to make those words a reality? "The buildings required" can be provided within a reasonable period only if a Government is prepared to plan them—at a cost which must inevitably include the sacrifice or postponement of some other desirable social objectives.

What is to be sacrificed next time to achieve the rate of progress which eluded Ellen Wilkinson and George Tomlinson between 1945 and 1951? Is it to be local authority or private house-building? Hospital building? Less essential industrial building? Maintenance and repair work? The export of prefabricated buildings? A case can be made for any or all, and it is up to the Labour Party to make it. By doing so, it can transform the vague educational aspirations of *Challenge to Britain* into concrete promises; it can then legitimise its demand for Miss Horsbrugh's resignation.

Challenge to Britain

II.—Without An Empire?

"You know," remarked an official of the Colonial Development Corporation, discussing in Tanganyika the future for ground-nuts, "these Natives round here are dreadfully poor. At times I think they're pretty hungry. I really do think, you know, that we'll have to give them some of our ground-nuts." Of *our* ground-nuts. But would they have been our ground-nuts? There lies in that question a whole world of argument on the difference between colonial development and imperialist exploitation.

I thought of this story while reading the colonial references in *Challenge to Britain*. As a rank-and-file member of the Labour Party, this policy statement means a great deal to me, both because it does seem to indicate a shift back to the principles of Socialism and because it shows that some of Britain's deeper problems—and the imperial problem among them—have whispered in the ear even of our more conservative leaders. But does *Challenge to Britain* mean what it seems to say? Does it mean that in imperial affairs, for instance, our Party's leaders are at last willing to "face the harsh facts of life and take the drastic Socialist measures which alone can prevent catastrophe"?

There is no problem more challenging to Britain to-day than the problem of empire. By the measure that we as a people remain imperialists—for that is what we are today, all palliative policies notwithstanding—we shall head most surely for more and more murderous colonial wars, for greater laying out of lives and treasure oversea, and, by the paradox of history, for the loss of the national independence that yet remains to us. By the measure that we cease to be imperialists we can put down foundations for a different and a better future.

Let us be clear, first of all, about what is happening at the moment in our colonial empire. The United Kingdom and other great capital-exporting Powers, but principally the United States, continue to invest large sums of money in the extraction of minerals, food, and other raw materials from the soil and sub-soil of our colonies. Apart from insignificant sums invested through the Colonial Development Corporation (sums which have to meet, after colonial tax, a relatively high rate of interest), this money is invested by private individuals and corporations; and it flows into the same socio-economic structure of "White supremacy" and "cheap African labour" that traditionally has given metropolitan investors a good return on their investment. The primary object is to make more profit than can be made by investing at home. And more profit is generally made. In some parts of the empire—for example, on the Copperbelt of Northern Rhodesia—stupendous profit is made. "Our" copper and tin and rubber and manganese, and all the rest of it, are produced mainly by African labour (42,000 African miners on the Copperbelt, for example, to 5,000 Whites); and the profits are large because this labour is exceedingly cheap. That is partly what is meant by colonial exploitation.

There are other forms of exploitation which hide themselves under the benevolent name of "development." There is also the Sterling Area. Raw materials produced in the colonies are sold for dollars and other hard currencies. Only part of this currency is made available to the colonies which produce these goods. Last year the so-called Sterling Balances exceeded one thousand million pounds; which means, of course, that Britain has borrowed that much from dollar-earning colonies. This is what Professor Arthur Lewis meant when he said that "Britain talks of colonial development, but on the contrary, it is the African and Malayan peasants who are putting capital into Britain." The "development" takes place, that is, primarily for the profit of others and not for the profit of the inhabitants.

Consider this matter in a third way. The revenue of Northern Rhodesia was about £30 millions in 1952. But the total of profits leaving Northern Rhodesia in that year (mainly the profits of mining) was also about £30 millions. For every pound this Territory could spend upon itself, it contributed another pound for the upkeep of investors overseas. And yet there is only one school in Northern Rhodesia at which Africans—and there are not far short of two million Africans in Northern Rhodesia—can prepare themselves for the Senior Cambridge Certificate, can be educated, that is up to university entrance standard.

Now it would be possible to continue exploiting

our colonies in this way. That is what the Tories propose. If colonial wars should be necessary, now that the subject peoples are in revolt against their helot status—well, colonial wars are a part of British history. . . . Yet the situation is no longer so simple. To continue in this way now, even braving moral bankruptcy, is to deliver every year an ever-growing share of the profits of colonial investment to the Americans, who are rapidly moving in: is to continue to treat our colonies mainly as a source of raw materials valuable primarily on the dollar market, and thus to deliver ourselves more deeply than ever to the hazards of American capitalism. Private investors will continue to ship their capital overseas, where profits are higher and taxes lower, and deprive this country of the resources we desperately need for ourselves.

Is there an alternative? We know that there is. This alternative is to permit and promote the economic development of colonial territories in such a way that subject peoples can enter the modern world on a footing of equality of opportunity. That is where the future of all our world inevitably lies. This Socialist policy towards our colonies would imply, on the economic side, a drastic end to the export of mammoth colonial profits, a deliberate and planned erection of secondary and processing industries alongside the mines and plantations, and the emergence of balanced capitalist economies upon which the foundations for Socialism could be laid. It would imply, in a phrase, "true development"—that is, the use of capital so as to give colonial peoples the benefit of social, economic and political change.

Yet *Challenge to Britain* fumbles this alternative. It speaks of the Sterling Area as a means of economic support which the United Kingdom may take for granted. It fails to "face the harsh fact" that we are living, as a country, off the fruits of African and Asian labour in a manner which, as it says elsewhere ("we must discard the prejudices and privileges of the past"), we cannot any longer afford. It includes, under the section headed *Dollar Earning*, a promise that the Sterling Area—so "rich in minerals and some other raw materials for which the United States has forecast a steadily growing import need over the next 25 years"—can go on solving our problem: which means, if it means anything, that the Sterling Area is to go on solving our problem *in the old imperialist way*—that is, by extracting the natural wealth of the colonies in order to pay British debts.

And still it would be wrong to say that this policy statement marks no advance on its predecessors. There is at least a recognition that one of the ways to save our country from ruin is to turn our industries to the task of producing the capital goods which our colonies need in order to cease to be colonies, to cease to be poor and backward, to cease to be what they are today. And yet, while recognising this, the official nerve seems to fail. This new policy, it seems, will involve "sacrifices for the British people." "We must be prepared to send development goods abroad without any hope of immediate payment."

Why? And it is here, I think, that we approach the inner deadlock of this document. "Only think what would happen," Ernest Bevin was always warning us, "if we lost Malaya. . . ." But who are *we*? To put an end to the export of tin and rubber profits, for instance, would hurt the capital-owning investor: how would it hurt the great majority of the people of Britain? And if it be argued that our dollar deficit would thereby become immeasurably greater, what about the cost of getting that rubber and tin? And who is to say that an independent Malaya, owning its own rubber and tin, would necessarily leave the Sterling Area? The cost of overseas military expenditure (not including Germany) was in any case greater during the five years 1946–50, for example, than the total deficit on the British balance of payments.

An alternative and a prosperous relationship—prosperous for the majority, not the share-owning minority—between Britain and her liberated colonies is a real possibility: otherwise Socialism would be a drab and dismal impostor. It will depend upon ending imperialist exploitation and on rapid economic development in territories which Britain could supply with capital goods and consumer goods in growing quantities. In the second place, it will depend upon transforming the present master-servant relationship into a partnership of genuine equality of rights. This great and hopeful operation will call for tact, diplomacy, and far-sighted understanding on the part of the British Government which undertakes it. No doubt there will be temporary hardships for us, as well as for the colonial peoples: so much is obvious. We shall not make this great adjustment without difficulty; nor shall we be building Utopia, but a practical and hopeful alternative to an imperialism no longer able or willing to maintain itself.

For a policy like this, the Labour Party can roll up its sleeves and show the world something new and something great. For *this* is the challenge of our times—to us and to other imperialist peoples. And just as our capitalists have shown themselves the most skilful of empire-builders and empire-maintainers in the world's history, so, let us hope, we in the Labour movement will show ourselves the most skilful of empire-liberators—taking to this task not as old men lost in a world they no longer recognise, but with confidence, self-belief, and a sense of liberation not only for others but also for ourselves. To that end *Challenge to Britain* is a beginning, tepid and rather tired: but, for all that, a beginning.

BASIL DAVIDSON

London Diary

FOREIGN agitations seldom induce Governments to reprieve condemned men. The Rosenberg case has proved no exception to this rule. But this agitation has been profoundly significant for reasons not generally appreciated in this country. Communist propaganda on behalf of the Rosenbergs only switched into high gear at the time when Slansky, Katz, and other good Communists were being done to death in Prague. It took on a more impressive character in the last two months before the execution because the Catholic Bishops and leading Catholic writers of France took up the case in a big way and were supported by the leading French political figures and newspapers. In Italy the *Stampa* took a similar stand to *Le Monde*. And the Vatican wireless a few days before the executions recalled that in January the Pope had passed on a petition for the Rosenberg's reprieve to Washington with a covering letter expressing a hope of clemency. After the execution, some Italian workers struck on behalf of the Rosenbergs, and others for Willi Goettling who had just been shot by the Russians. Rioting on a much bigger scale took place in Paris. Now why did the Roman Catholic Church take the unprecedented step of intervening on behalf of two condemned Communists? I do not doubt that as individuals the Bishops loathed the thought, as we all did, of this man and woman, who had acted with great dignity and refused to give away their comrades, being executed after two years of torturing suspense. No doubt, too, they became uncertain whether the Rosenbergs had been fairly tried, and many of them may share the growing view of civilised people that capital punishment is in itself wrong. But similar or worse injustices are common in this new Age of Faith, and they do not protest. Their action is clearly political. They must have felt they could not afford to leave the leadership of so strong a movement to the Communists. They sensed what few people in this country realise—that just below the crust in Europe there is a vast sea of angry frustration; of fury at Occupation and being pushed around by foreigners; at the threat of again being involved in what they feel are other people's wars. The Rosenbergs were a focus.

* * *

The short answer to all the rubbish about who was the first on the top of Mount Everest is that Hillary and Tensing were roped together on the last stage. Hillary after step-cutting to within ten feet of the top, stepped first on to the summit—but, as he has firmly stated, "it didn't matter a damn who got there first." Anyone who has been on a rope on a really big climb would agree. And it is a thousand pities that the real triumph of the expedition—which is a triumph of exploration, of mountaineering, a feat of physical and moral endurance—should be exploited by those who do not understand its nature for ends so far removed from those of the climbers themselves.

The only way in which the British are open to criticism in the matter is in having failed to offer the same honour to Tensing as to Hunt and Hillary. No matter that Tensing might have had to refuse a British title; no matter that the intention in offering him a George Cross was excellent. It would have been wise, even at the risk of refusal, to avoid any danger of being charged with discrimination. Asia is highly sensitive in 1953.

* * *

To understand the rest we must know something of Nepal. Tensing, Hillary and Hunt, profusely garlanded and smeared with Kum-kum (a vermilion dye used with messy effects on the innumerable statues of Hindu gods and also on the memorials of rarer Nepalese national heroes), bumped along the only road leading to Khatmandu to find themselves the centre of a frenzied political campaign. For some time the Nepalis have felt they were living on the edge of a volcano rather than in sight of the world's most publicised snow-capped mountain peak. Matters came to a head when Indian newsmen claimed Tensing as a blood brother. To the Nepalis, who regard Tensing as one of their own countrymen, this was the last straw, final proof that India regarded Nepal as just another Indian province. Had not the first Nepali Cabinet formed after the Revolution of '49 settled in Delhi? Had not the King taken all his cues from Delhi? Had not Indian political advisers advised Ministers in Khatmandu? (Military advisers trained and supplied the army.) Had not Indian technical missions gained a foothold in strategically important mountain areas? Had not Indian engineers supervised the building of the first hard road into this, the most isolated country in the world? Had not Indian businessmen taken advantage of their position to build up a monopoly of Nepal's untapped resources? India, the Right and Left political leaders shouted, had imperialist designs on the country. And now, India claimed the world's most famous Nepali as one of their citizens! There is an element of truth in this, in spite of the fact that Pandit Nehru has shown great tact and statesmanship in dealing with difficult personalities in Khatmandu. But the heart of the matter is that Nepalese political leaders,

notably the Koirala brothers—the outstanding politicians in the country—have continuously quarrelled, whilst the King has proved too inexperienced and too weak as a ruler. It suits both the extreme Right wing and the Communists to use India as a scapegoat.

* * *

The classic answer to the book-burners was given by Dashiell Hammett, the thriller writer. Asked by McCarthy whether, if he were trying to fight Communism and Socialism, he would permit his books to appear in official U.S. libraries, Hammett replied that if he were engaged in such a crusade, he would permit neither libraries nor books. Hammett's detective stories, of course, are now being removed from the shelves—on the instructions of the State Department. In Bombay, they have purged Clarence Streit's *Union Now* as well as the classic *Middletown* books by Helen and Robert Lynd. In Calcutta, both the *Nation* and the more virtuous *New Republic* have been sent to the pyre. Every day, as the reports come in from American missions all over the world, the list grows longer and more ludicrous. On present form, the booby prize seems likely to be won by the U.S. officials in Tokyo. According to the *New York Times* correspondent, they are burning all books that "are possibly exceptional to the Japanese, including works on the Pacific War and others critical of Japan's pre-war and wartime Government." Since the literary executioners have had no compunction about adding Whittaker Chambers' *Witness* to their Index, I presume that their Tokyo agents will now fearlessly consign General MacArthur's pre-1947 dissertations to their bonfire!

* * *

Timothy John Evans was executed in 1950 for the murder of his child. He had originally been charged with the murder of his wife as well; the Crown (as we have again been reminded by Chief Inspector Griffin) had always treated the two deaths as "inseparable." Christie's alleged admission that it was he who killed Mrs. Evans at least suggests that the Home Secretary's decision not to reprieve Evans was based on incomplete information and a wrong impression. Had it been known that Evans killed his child because someone else had inexplicably killed his wife, his mental condition at the time of the killing might have been more obvious. Whether or not an inquiry into the Evans case is held, and regardless of its result, the Christie trial has further strengthened the case for removing from our penal code the irrevocable penalty of death.

* * *

A motorist myself, I too am tempted always to blame the silly pedestrian. But in my better moments I know that if I run over a pedestrian, the fault will probably be mine. Of course, pedestrians are fools—which means that motorists must so drive that their driving is foolproof. The motorist is armed with a lethal weapon, while the pedestrian is not. When blind selfishness is professionally organised it becomes shocking. Here is a solemn letter to *The Times* from the three professional motorist Associations, quoting Lord Lucas to the effect that when the Government can spend enough money, it "can overcome the road accident problem of this country to the extent of nearly 80 per cent." The money, of course, is to be spent on "long overdue highway improvements." I will not deny, of course, that road improvements are wanted, though I would point out that few serious clashes occur where the roads are really narrow and winding. On such roads the motorist is compelled to travel slowly. In his excellent letter to *The Times*, Professor Goodhart ended with an admirable comparison. He asked for a Royal Commission on the subject of road accidents, pointing out that before 1873 more than 3,000 sailors were drowned every year, when it was said that nothing could be done until a Royal Commission discovered a scientific way of dealing with the problem.

* * *

The scene was set in Trafalgar Square where an artist was trying to paint a picture. His name was D. Berea; he is Rumanian born and has, at the moment, a large one-man show of city landscapes at Tooth's Gallery in Bruton Street; it includes paintings of Venice, Paris, Florence and London. M. Berea wanted to include a picture of Trafalgar Square in its Coronation finery. A harmless, indeed a laudable ambition? Not, it seems, in the view of the London Police who, handling a matter they understand, have rightly been the cause of universal praise in recent weeks. They told M. Berea that artists were not allowed to work in the Square—only photographers with licences. M. Berea pleaded that he needed very little more time to finish his picture; he refused to go. So a policeman seized his paint brushes and snapped them in half. On other occasions he was also prevented from working in the Mall and Whitehall. He does not complain—with any vehemence—but he is puzzled, not unnaturally, about the attitude of the British towards art. How can a "London School" of artists arise, he asks, if a painter is "moved on" when he works in public? M. Berea had to finish his "Trafalgar Square" from memory; it is No. 21 in the catalogue at Tooth's.

CRITIC

THE GREEN-EYED MONSTER

There's a bit of a shemozzle at the Court of
Khatmandu,
Two realms dispute the mountaineering crown—
The green-eyed monster in Nepal stirs up a devil's
brew,
With the Himalayas looking coldly down.

Two men of East and West defeated Everest
And on its demon-guarded summit trod,
But this intrepid pair provoked all unaware,
The anger of the Himalayan god.

Bound by a single rope they battled up the slope
Together, as the photo-finish shows;
But in the final burst was Hillary there first,
Or Sherpa Tensing, Tiger of the Snows?

In Khatmandu's Bazaar, in the Hall of the Durbar
The green-eyed monster weaves his evil spell—
Which climber won the race? Which nation takes
first place?
The rival camps a different story tell.

Nepal is on the map with a feather in her cap,
Her Tensing is the leader of them all!
Great Britain takes the lead with Hillary's epic deed!
For Britain values prestige, like Nepal.

With Hillary made Knight, Nepal resents a slight,
If knighthood to a Sherpa is denied;
A medal seems to her an insult and a slur—
A medal spurned affronts Britannia's pride.

If Asians are upset from Bengal to Tibet,
If Nepalese and Britons barely nod,
If Britain and Nepal start a diplomatic brawl,
It's the vengeance of the Himalayan god.

There's a bit of a shemozzle at the Court of
Khatmandu,
A green-eyed monster stalking through the town,
And Europeans and Asians tend to take a jaundiced
view,
With the Himalayas coldly looking down.

SAGITTARIUS

THIS ENGLAND

Prizes are awarded of £1 for the first entry and 5/- for each of the others printed.
Paste entries on a POSTCARD.

A railway guard, asked at Bromley Magistrate's Court on Friday, if a certain passenger was drunk and incapable, replied, "No sir; he was a naval officer."—*Kentish Times*. (P. S. Andrews.)

"As my sister, my daughter and I were walking hand in hand across the park, someone jumped on my sister's back," she said. "I walked on because I did not think it was serious."—The *Banbury Guardian*. (R. Laslett.)

Professional speaker will make appeals for any charity. Large or small functions attended. Percentage only required. Heart and purse strings always touched.—Advt. in *Daily Telegraph*. (Sidney Goldberg.)

Vacant, homely lodgings for two gents, or police.—Advt. in *Daily Mail*. (Audrey B. Nicholson.)

During yesterday's rush-hour peak in Birmingham's main city centre road, a frightened little brown dog crept under a stationary car. After the driver and a policeman failed to get at him, twelve strong men lifted away the car.—*Sunday Pictorial*. (Mrs. M. Green.)

The Italian Elections

II—A TALK WITH TOGLIATTI

IT was a surprise when I was informed, after 24 hours' delay, that my request had been granted: Togliatti would see me on Monday, when I got back from my Sunday at the seaside with Nenni. The Italian Communist leader must now rate third in the hierarchy, after Malenkov and Mao, and is regarded by foreign correspondents in Rome as inaccessible. I was excited, therefore, when I presented myself at the huge Red House in a side street just off the Piazza Venezia. I was escorted up to the second floor and passed through two ante-chambers to find myself in an enormous room, with an enormous black table and, at the end of it, a little man in a black suit, sitting in an enormous chair. Throughout our 90-minute talk, Togliatti sat with his fingers folded across his waistcoat, his eyes quizzing me over his spectacles. He spoke in the gentlest of whispers, and listened with his head cocked to one side: every now and then he laughed, with a most engaging kind of intimacy. There is nothing proletarian about him, and even less of the fussy self-importance one associates with Italian parliamentarians. I was told that he comes of a middle-class family and was educated by the Jesuits. I can well believe it. Indeed, my first thought, as I listened to him, was that, three hundred years ago, he would have been a great prelate of the Church. That impression was confirmed by everything I heard. The Italian Communist Party is an Anti-Church, and Togliatti combines the scholarly gentleness with the underlying ruthlessness of a secular Pope.

The conversation began by his asking me to analyse the British situation and the Churchill peace initiative. After I had done this, I asked him whether the Prime Minister's speech of May 11 had played an important part in the Italian election campaign. He replied that it certainly had. It had been part of the *distenzione*, the relaxation of tension. This relaxation had blown away some of the fear of Russia which hung over the 1948 election and gave De Gasperi his vast majority; this time people could vote more freely. I remarked that all the other politicians

I spoke to had denied any important role to foreign affairs in the campaign. "They are wrong," he said, "quite wrong. The politicians may not have concerned themselves with foreign policy in their speeches; but, objectively, the international situation was enormously important as an influence on the voter. You English must realise, all the same," he added, "that we do not enjoy political freedom here as you do in your country. The Church and the industrialists exert enormous pressure on the voters and, in assessing the significance of the votes cast, you must always remember that fact."

I asked him what role the Americans had played, and whether it was true to say that Italy is now an American colony. He replied carefully that the word "colony" would be an exaggeration. On the other hand, the Americans exert a direct influence on the Italian economy. It is not an accident, for instance, that Fiat, which has close American connections, has been able to maintain full production, while its rivals have not. And he went on to describe at length how American influence had prejudiced the development of Italy's high quality textiles. "But what about political interference?" "That is not normally of a direct nature. It is exercised through the Church. True, Mr. Dunn, a professional diplomat, intervened on occasion. But the new *grande dame*, Mrs. Luce, is incapable of diplomacy."

At this point Togliatti broke off the conversation and said he wanted to ask *me* a question for a change. "Would it be possible for your country to do something for Italy—just one thing for Italy only?" This was important, he explained, because Italian feeling was very anti-British; and this had reduced the effectiveness of Churchill's peace initiative in Italy. "Of course, I do not want anything for me or for the Communists," he said, "but for Italy. Now tell me, what could you do? Just one nice thing."

I was disconcerted by this question coming from World Communist No. 3, and my halting reply is not worth repeating. As soon as possible I steered the conversation to the subject of the Italian Socialist Party and asked him whether he would answer some questions about it. He replied that he would be ready to answer. I then said: "What, in Communist theory, is the function of the P.S.I.?" And, since he seemed reluctant to begin, I added that, in my experience, Communists normally hate Left-wing Socialists and find a reactionary Social-democratic party more to their taste, because they can win the workers away from it. "I prefer a good Socialist Party," he replied. "If the P.S.I. were not there, then many of their members would vote for Saragat, or something worse. It is far better that they should be in Nenni's party." I then asked him what was the difference between the policy of the Communists and that of the P.S.I. He replied that it is difficult to see an ideological difference now that both are in opposition. The pressure exerted by the industrialists and the Catholics drives the workers together. "But, mind you," he added, "when Nenni and I were in the Government together, we were often in disagreement. Even now, the two parties are in disagreement on agrarian reform, and I expect that we should be in disagreement about how to handle industrial problems, too."

But how would he react to the entry of Nenni into a Coalition Government? "It would present a problem," he said, and again, "it would present a problem. But"—and this he said very slowly—"it is a soluble problem. If you will forgive me for a conceited remark, it might not be soluble were it not for the personal relations of Nenni and myself. On many things we have different opinions. But over a long time we have learnt to know each other." I then remarked that perhaps the difference between him and Nenni was largely due to the way each had spent his long period of emigration. "Nenni," I said, "was fifteen years in France, whereas you were in Moscow. He is a Westerner and you are an Easterner." At this point, Togliatti very firmly and politely corrected me. "It is not true that I was in Moscow for the period of my emigration," he said. "I was in Switzerland and France, and only spent the war in Moscow. No, that is not the difference between us. The difference is how we spent our time as emigrés. He remained legal. I continued illegal activities. So, too, today, he is the brilliant spokesman of the P.S.I., while I spend a very large part of my time"—and he tapped his hand on the long black table—"organising, here." "By the way," he added, "who organises the Labour Party, and why is your Communist Party so insignificant?"

Togliatti is a master of organisation. There is no reason to doubt the report that, apart from the Confederation of Trade Unions and the Communist Party itself—with its huge trading concerns—he also controls the cadres of a paramilitary organisation. I found it difficult to steer him back to the political situation. Finally I asked him what would be the conditions for the formation of a Left Coalition. In his answers he seemed to assume that, though a Popular Front, including the Communists, would be the best solution, it was not practical politics. The only question was whether Nenni should enter the Government. Here he seemed less interested in domestic policy than in foreign affairs. He did not believe that Italy's adherence to the Atlantic Pact was an insuperable obstacle to Nenni. On the other hand, he regarded it as self-evident that any Government in which the Socialists participated would refuse to support German rearmament or to ratify the E.D.C.

Conversation then turned to the Demochristians. Togliatti declared himself hopeful of a new Demochristian policy as the result of the election. "The voting has undoubtedly disclosed a Left tendency among the Italian people. I hope the Demochristians will respond to this," and he went on to discuss the personalities who dominate the Left wing of the Party. I mentioned De Gasperi. "Ah, De Gasperi," he said, quizzing me over his spectacles, "De Gasperi has the quality of a great corrupter. He corrupts men like Saragat and loosens their party loyalties. In the new situation he will try at first to avoid a Left Coalition and maintain his position by corrupting individual members of the Monarchist party and loosening their connection and bringing them into his web." "But are you not then afraid that, if Nenni enters the Coalition, De Gasperi will have an opportunity to corrupt him?" At this he smiled. "But one thing De Gasperi knows very well. He cannot drive a wedge between the P.S.I. and the Communists because if Nenni moves to the Right, I jump over his head and move even further to the Right. Yes," he said, when I looked a little surprised, "De Gasperi knows this perfectly well from his experiences in 1944 and again in 1945 with the Monarchy and the Concordat."

The hour allotted to me had been overrun by thirty minutes. When I left, Di Vittorio, the General Secretary of the Confederation of Trade Unions, was waiting impatiently. As I shook hands with him hurriedly, I reflected on what Togliatti had said about De Gasperi. In describing his most formidable opponent, he had given the best description of his own fascinating personality.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

The Church and the Coronation

ON June 9, at the special Thanksgiving Service for the Coronation, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the Archbishop of Canterbury began his sermon with these remarkable words: "Last Tuesday this country and this Commonwealth were not far from the Kingdom of Heaven." On June 5, in another sermon delivered in St. Paul's Cathedral, he said: "We are all still under the spell of that tremendous event which took place in Westminster Abbey on Tuesday. You will, I expect, find it as difficult as I do to give your minds to anything else." And at the Broadcast Service on May 31, the Archbishop said: "So the Queen will leave the Abbey, to take up again the joys of being Queen *over us* by the authority of her office; of being Queen *for us* in bringing fresh dignity and grace and redeeming spirit into our national life; of being Queen *with us* uniting in a fellowship of mutual loyalty and trust. So in *her* appointed task are reflected the threefold operations of Father, Son and Holy Spirit; in *her* Majesty is reflected the Divine Majesty on High."

These are fine words, sincerely spoken. The Archbishop is not alone in the belief that the Coronation marked a moment of moral and spiritual regeneration in our nation, that it was the occasion of a great religious revival. In the secular field, no less than in the ecclesiastical, the stream of propaganda of this sort has flowed freely. Let me quote, for example, a few sentences from a leading article in *Time and Tide*:

> What has happened to the people of this country and of the Commonwealth and Empire is simple, vast and awe-inspiring . . . It is a re-discovery and a re-dedication on a scale seldom, if ever, witnessed before in history . . . Britain has regained in the past few days that spiritual and moral ascendency in the world which was hers in 1940.

For some of us, this whole barrage of propaganda, however sincerely its delivery may be intended, strikes a chill in the heart. It savours too much of exaggerated emotion and leaves us with a feeling akin to disgust and nausea. Is this because there is something radically wrong with us? Or is there something radically wrong with what is being said? Do we, perhaps, sense in these words a fundamental error?

It is indeed our good fortune in this country that the authority of the State is vested in what we call a constitutional monarchy. Few people today would deny that the hereditary crown, so long as it is deprived of political power, is a better and more enduring symbol of unity and of corporate life, both for this nation and for the Commonwealth, than any other instrument of government yet devised by man. And few would care to deny that we are, in our present Queen and Royal Family, richly blessed. But a good and useful institution needs no exaggerated and sentimental boosting: on the contrary, such boosting does harm to the causes it is intended to serve.

What, then, is the truth about the religious aspects of the Coronation? First let us examine the service itself. We may agree that the dignity and solemnity of the occasion, so admirably conveyed to millions outside the Abbey by the good offices of the B.B.C., led many thousands to become aware of the fact that the Coronation is a religious service, and to sense in themselves something of the deeper meanings of the symbolism of this crowning. But though basically it is a Christian service, its framework a celebration of Holy Communion, yet in some respects it is quite out of keeping with any interpretation of Christianity applicable to a modern democratic

society. Whatever there may be of religious sentiment attaching to any part of the service, the bulk of the ceremony is a medieval and feudal survival.

The ceremony, on June 2, of the taking of the Oath of Allegiance, for example, was almost an irreligious performance. This feudal custom, in which no one less in rank than a Baron takes part, had religious significance in the days when power resided in the Crown; and it retained this religious significance when power passed from the Crown to the Barons. For in those days the monarch had, by the return of the sword to the altar, symbolically submitted his authority, and therefore the authority of all who gave their allegiance, to God. But today, when the power resides not in the Crown, nor in the Barons, but in the people, it comes surely very near to being irreligious to exclude from the ceremony anyone representing the commons, whether of this land or of the Queen's realms beyond the seas. For by such exclusion there is left nothing to suggest that the real power now vested in the people, is submitted to the authority of God.

Had the pomp and ceremony of the Abbey service been less rigidly tied to the feudal setting from which it took its origin, we might more readily have heeded the Archbishop's words from the pulpit of St. Paul's Cathedral. We would, perhaps, more easily have recognised the Christian significance of the pomp and ceremony if, for example, an African woman and representatives from the trade unions and other sections of our modern society had been selected to share in the honour of carrying the Queen's train. The service was adjusted to give the Consort of the Queen a particular part to play. Why then, were no alterations made to meet the present-day realities of the social set-up?

But if an analysis of the service itself, wonderfully moving though it was and creative for many of a sense of awe and religious emotion, provides no adequate reason for believing that on June 2 the nation came near to the Kingdom of Heaven, let us consider the matter on more general grounds.

In the first place, let us ask ourselves what would we expect of a nation close to the Kingdom of Heaven. It is difficult to distil from the Gospels any certain picture of the application of Jesus' teachings to modern life; but it is not difficult to pick out from them a few quite distinct signposts. A nation to be near the Kingdom of Heaven would surely display at least these characteristics; greater love of justice and mercy, a deep humility, a penitence for past pride and selfishness, a determination to share the good things of life with others, and a sincere putting of the interests of others before those of oneself. But it is a remarkable fact that, though so much is said of the glory and wonder of the Coronation, we are told remarkably little of the need for repentance and for humility, and of the necessity to purge our realm of all that is contrary to the will of God. Indeed, those who do venture to point out what may be involved in terms of political and social action in any sound Christian revival are promptly accused of dragging the Queen, the Royal Family and the Coronation into the mud of controversy.

There has, indeed, been a religious emotion awakened in the people. But is there, as a result of this, any clear evidence of national repentance, national humility, or attempts at a reformation of the national way of life to conform more closely to the pattern of the Kingdom of God? To ask this question is, I believe, to discover why many of us see a fundamental error in the sayings to which we take exception. Emotion turns sour when it is not directed into action. And this is as true of religious emotion as it is of any other human feeling. Surely then it is the task of Archbishops and Bishops, and all others who are concerned with bringing forward the Kingdom of God, to try to direct the emotions evoked by the Coronation into practical channels of Christian behaviour.

The gravamen of my charge against those who speak of the Coronation in exaggerated terms, and so encourage hysteria among the people, is, then, that many who have been emotionally aroused by the service in the Abbey are offered, not the food of the Kingdom of Heaven, but moral and spiritual poison. This is bad enough in the case of a leader writer in *Time and Tide*. It is doubly bad when those are the offenders, whose proper role it is to speak the prophetic word of God's judgment upon all human pretence and all human pride.

The religious emotion roused by the Coronation needs direction and proper outlet. And these will not be vouchsafed by any wishful thinking, any nostalgic looking to the past, or any hysterical jingoism: all escapist reactions to that great and solemn national occasion are likely to drive people, in the long run, to cynicism and despair. Is it too much to hope, then, that the clergy, instead of adding to a flood of undirected emotion, should remind both Church and State that one single act of love, like the giving of a cup of cold water to him that needs it, is worth more in the Kingdom of Heaven than the whole of the pomp and ceremony of the Coronation; that there is only one who fully reflects the majesty of God and that is He who wears a Crown of Thorns?

St. Paul's. L. J. COLLINS

AND JOHN BROWN'S SOUL LIES A-MOULDERING IN THE GRAVE

Let us not condemn the electric chair as such;
No doubt it is a clumsy anachronism
Soon to be superseded by the atomic chair.
Their death was fairly quick as deaths go.

Let us not condemn the years of torture before death;
That was largely their own fault; in honour bound,
They had to submit to that to prove their point.
It is well proven; humanity is disgraced.

Let us condemn only lies; that is our duty.
You say they betrayed their country, but this is not so.
A man's country is Liberty; you yourselves have declared it.
That is the only place where a man can live;
It is the only place where there is air to breathe.

A man must set the bounds of that land for himself
According to his vision, as you yourselves insist,
And the frontiers are always moving
As once were those of America, in the days
When a nation was born in war-smoke and waggon-ruts.

Justice died with the condemned, but lives to die again,
Forever damned, never dead, like Prometheus,
Who also committed the crime of stealing fire,
In order not to destroy, but to enrich.

Mercy was present at the execution.
Having waited so long, in vain, for an invitation,
She crashed the prison gate, and brought death at last.
Thus, out of mercilessness, mercy came.

This was the will of the people, a people misguided,
Betrayed into loyalty to an American way of life
Which meant the mastery of the world by American power;
Government of the purple by the purple for the purple,
Which shall perish from the earth,
And John Brown's soul lies a-mouldering in the grave.

COLIN WILLS

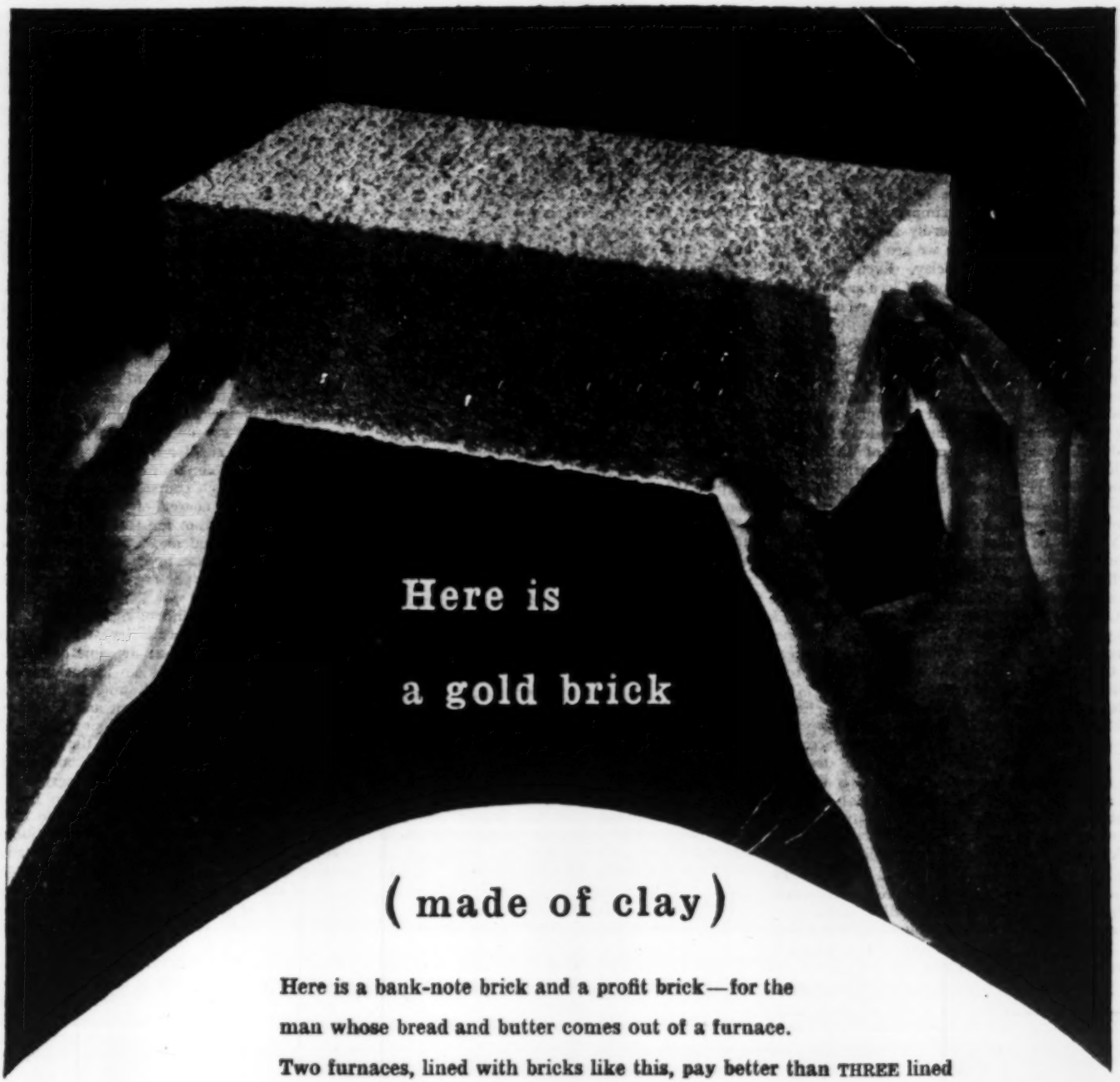
London Standstill

ALTHOUGH we could sincerely assure our Coronation visitors that a journey down Regent Street usually takes somewhat less than half an hour, we might perhaps have added that it frequently takes ten minutes, and that for short journeys in the West End it is normally advisable to walk. And we could have quoted for good measure the threat of the London and Home Counties Traffic Advisory Committee: that the de-restriction of motor fuel, together with an expected increase in the number of road vehicles, might well result in London's traffic being brought to a complete standstill in a few years' time.

The Londoner, when reminded of this, is apt to shrug his shoulders and show that tolerant grin reserved for all minor social inconveniences. But in fact the problem is rather more than a mere nuisance; London's traffic delays cost the nation about £70 million a year, and within the eleven square miles of Inner London alone the annual loss is nearly seven millions. London Transport, whose buses form the largest single group of victims, estimate that on an average busy day in the central area their vehicles lose eight hundred scheduled miles. They add, ironically, that if London's traffic would allow each bus to increase its speed by only one mile an hour, the annual saving would be in the region of £2 million. The volume of traffic by public transport alone is now 30 per cent. above the pre-war figure; before the war London Transport's passengers travelled nine million miles a year, and now they travel twelve millions. Commercial vehicles—more than a third of the total road transport—are up by 7 per cent., and the national figure for licensed vehicles of all kinds shows an increase of a million and three-quarters since 1939. The L.C.C., with commendable realism, reckons that over the County over 30 years an increase in traffic by as much as 50 per cent. should be allowed for.

These statistics point to one thing—that industry has continued to expand in central and near-central areas at a time when the population has become more and more decentralised. Every day in London, increasing numbers of people are travelling longer distances to the same, relatively small area—an area where the proportion of workers to residents is eight to one; the number of people moving in the morning rush hour has increased by over 200,000 a day since 1946. Forty per cent. of the County's employees, and only four per cent. of its residents, are claimed by the City, Westminster, Finsbury, and Holborn; and this despite an official policy of decentralised industry, and the development of New Towns and "out-county" estates.

The same phenomenon is common to both the West and the East. Mayfair, ideally and traditionally a residential area, is now largely a zone of offices, a place much sought after by commercial firms in need of a head office with a fashionable telephone number. The majority of Mayfair's daily population in 1953 are office girls who come in from the suburbs by public transport; moreover they all travel home at the same time—before the war the evening rush hour was in fact a three-hour period between 4 p.m. and 7 p.m.; now it is literally one hour, between five and six. As in Mayfair, so in the East and South. In places like Stepney, Shoreditch, or Bermondsey, factories and dwellings are hopelessly intermingled, and commercial vehicles crawl as best they can along streets lined with terraced houses or blocks of flats. Industry at the moment claims 1,500 acres of land in districts which in a planned London would be



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entirely residential. Add to all this the acute shortage of parking space—25,000 vehicles a day try to park in spaces large enough for only half that number—and the picture of chaos is complete.

This vast confusion is the result of nearly a century's haphazard development without a single plan. Even today very little has been done about it. Central London has not seen a new thoroughfare since Kingsway was built fifty years ago, and the figure of £34 million spent in the last hundred years in improving the County's Class 1 roads seems absurdly small in the face of the £70 million which we are losing annually through congestion and delay. Even such inter-war phenomena as the North Circular Road only served to nibble at the problem, which is not how to cater for *through* traffic (it forms only 15 per cent. of the whole) but for the millions of short vehicle journeys in and out of the central area, or from point to point within it. In the places of greatest congestion there is little evidence of a concentrated attempt to improve the position: Parliament Square has been widened, a one-way system south of Westminster Bridge has removed one bad bottleneck, the trams have gone, there have been experiments with unilateral parking. All this seems a very tiny achievement indeed.

Yet, to be fair, post-war London has had more urgent social problems than those of traffic, and it is perhaps inevitable that it should be a Cinderella in the County Plan. At least the L.C.C. has faced up to the magnitude of its task on paper: 27½ miles of existing road in the inner area, and 35 in the outer, will have to be widened to take four or six lanes of traffic. Ninety road intersections need alteration. The cost of all this, at present prices, would be in the region of £300 million, equal to the cost of four years' congestion. Eight years ago the Council accepted the principle that the main highway structure of London should be based on the conception of a series of ring and radial roads—a policy that was smacked in the eye when the Government refused to approve the County's proposed "A" ring road. The present policy is one of twenty years, and is concerned mainly with those existing roads whose improvement would help to relieve delay and congestion in the inner area—for instance the widening of the bottleneck in the Euston Road between Great Portland Street and Tottenham Court Road.

Twenty years is a long time, and the shadow of a complete standstill hangs over us. The police, no doubt, do all they can, but neither their own ingenuity, nor the proposals for submerged car-parks beneath some of our public squares can hope to produce the fourfold increase in parking space that we apparently need. London Transport has plans for extended tube lines which are at present before the Ministry of Transport; their fate, like that of so many things, depends on the resources and priorities of the Treasury. As for public transport on the surface, we seem to have reached the era of the "marginal bus"; the roads will take no more buses. Staggered business hours would help, but appeals to commerce and industry have never produced a response large enough to improve rush-hour congestion in any considerable way.

The fact is, of course, that this is not a problem which can be solved in isolation. Improvements to existing roads and junctions cannot in the long run contribute very much to a situation arising from the bad location of industrial premises and domestic dwellings. The problem of London's traffic is a by-product of other problems that are more general and which cut much deeper. As those problems are tackled, the congestion and delay on the roads will slowly subside. Unfortunately it will take a long time. The present position may even have civic advantages; I am thinking of a certain prosperous gentleman of commerce who used to make frequent journeys by luxury car from the vicinity of Baker Street to the City. For the past few months he has found it wise to abandon his car in favour of the Inner Circle. He finds it less comfortable, but faster, and on the whole more stimulating. Traffic congestion, is a great social leveller.

GEORGE LEATHER

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Season in Paradise

My first impression at the airport was disappointing. The monotonous hum of those inevitable ventilators gave Port Moresby a character reminiscent of countless other tropical towns, and the natives employed by the Airline, dressed in white shorts and vests, did not at all agree with the pictures of the Airline prospectus. But as soon as I left the bus and stepped out into the main street I realised that I had not been cheated after all. There seemed to be only light and colour and life. Could this really be Paradise, the Land before the Fall?

In the early hours of a working day I could hardly expect to see many Europeans in the street; but there were scores of natives, perfectly shaped bodies emphasised by their bright red or yellow loin-cloths, and crowned by a white flower or two in their long, fuzzy hair. The women, in their flax-coloured grass skirts, had decorated their bodies in different patterns: a young woman was sitting on the kerb outside; a series of crimson and yellow lines circled her waist and neck, and a yellow spiral line on her breasts completed her design. There was no sign of a half-heartedly accepted fake Western culture. Comparable scenes elsewhere returned to my mind: the sight of a young Indian in native dress, for example, riding his cheap English bicycle along a narrow Calcutta street, which has always remained with me as a sad and guilt-causing memory. I really doubt whether a similar degradation will be brought about in Papua, because even the most Westernised Papuans I met have preserved their dignity. They still know how to walk.

Towards noon the first Europeans began to drift into the hotel; darkness entered this universe of light. White Masters—their staccato conversation reflected a total absence of joy. Little beads of sweat were mechanically wiped off every minute or so; dark patches began to spoil the immaculate white of their trousers. Their evident desire to live in opposition to the surroundings was sufficient to destroy the peace of Paradise.

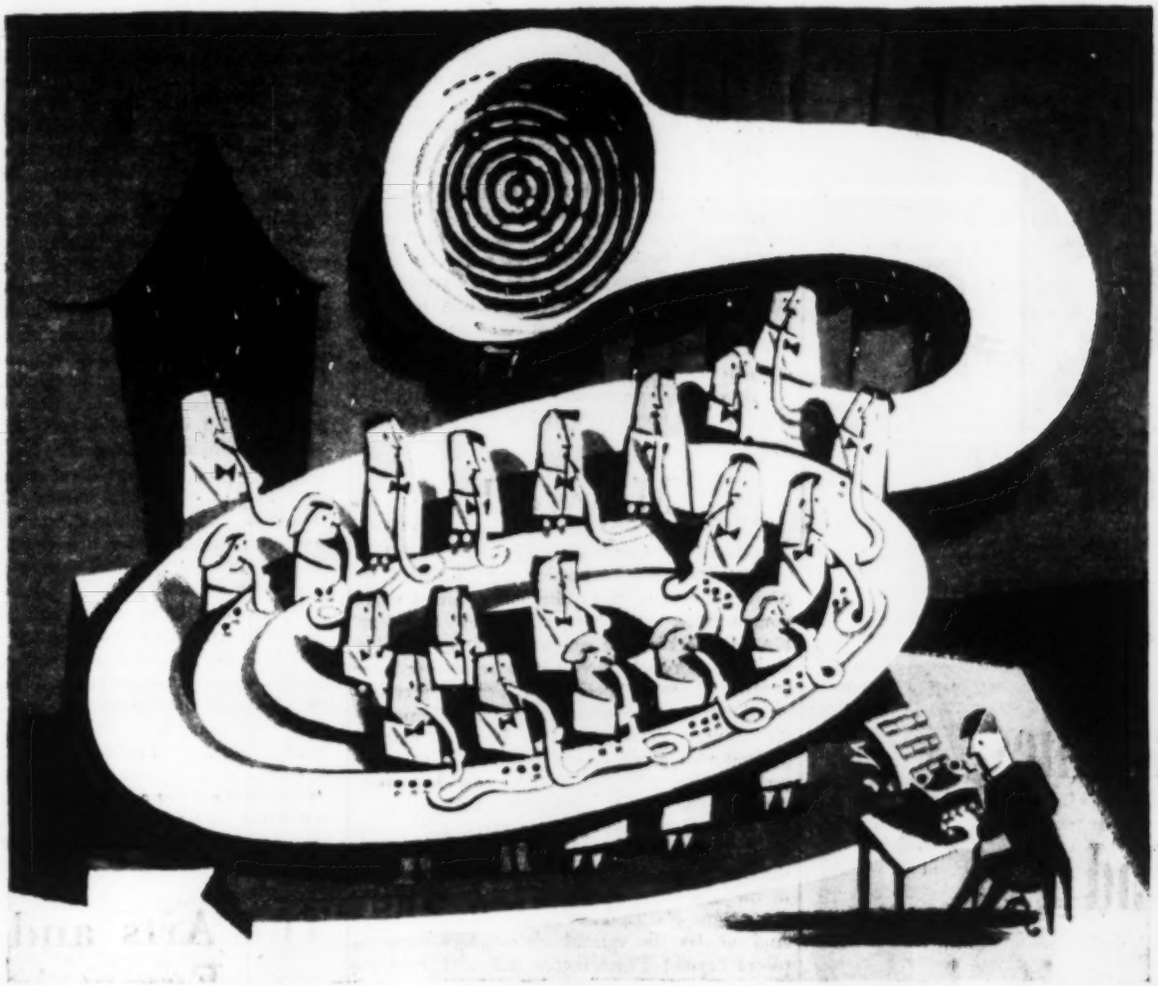
One soon gets to know that Port Moresby is a town with a highly centralised economy. Choice of employer is, for Europeans, restricted. Apart from Government Departments, there are two trading companies which look after the island's commerce; a subsidiary of English and American oil companies deals with the one industry. This practically completes the list. And so, when a European starts work he is faced with established organisations, established rules of conduct, established order. Sooner or later, however, he will come across the magic phrase "Native Labour," and he will recognise it as an integral part of his new life. If he agrees to accept the "new order," he will become a respectable citizen, acquire a substantial bank account, and probably also an impressive paunch. If he refuses? He must get out and run for his life.

Even then I did not realise what I should find out in the jungle. Of course, there *are* laws; but I arrived to take charge of a working party, hundreds of miles from the seat of law-enforcement, with no instructions about the treatment of native workers—a matter apparently too trivial for consideration by prospectors. It did not take long, however, to find out that no European is permitted to do *any* kind of manual work, and that a native—for sixpence a day—will do whatever is demanded of him at any time of the day or the night. They do by no means only the unskilled work, such as cleaning or carrying. Most natives are very intelligent and learn in a few days the job of a launch driver or a surveyor's assistant, but their main task is still the cutting of jungle tracks and of carrying stores and equipment. Forty pounds is the maximum legal weight to be carried by one native—but who indeed would think of using a spring balance to make sure? After spending a few weeks in a jungle area, I was no longer surprised to see a native carrying an outboard engine on his back, weighing more than twice the legal weight, as he was struggling along a flimsy ladder up a forty-foot vertical river bank. Normal working risks. They get *paid* for it, don't they? Sixpence a day.

Food—principally one-third of a tin of corned beef and some rice and flour every day—is also their right according to law, as well as a weekly tobacco allowance. The tobacco cases frequently "disappear," causing some field assistants to use their own system of punishing minor offences by cutting the natives' ration. And how do the natives get their food if the Europeans are kept busy for a few days away from the stores? "Well, they won't starve; they can find their own grub."

"Housing" must also be provided by law. In practice this consists of a tent-fly, at times providing shelter for twenty persons, and a grass mat for each native to sleep on. Medical "treatment" consisted of liberal applications of iodine and aspirin. Doctors are not available at a jungle party; in case of serious illness or accident the company's plane can be got by radio, to take a sick man to hospital. But would a special flight be warranted for a native? "If one of the coons is dying," were my verbal instructions, "you'd be well advised to radio Moresby—not that it matters much, but you might find a lot of bother with the Administration unless they're *notified*."

The Law? Not so long ago, out in the jungle a young White Master—so the charge at least ran—had pushed a native employee off his launch. Justifiably? Perhaps the native was "smelly,"



MUSIC AND THE COMMON MAN

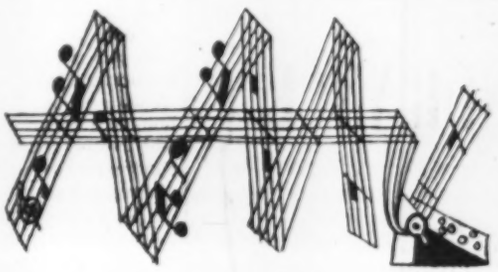
Schweppshire shows the Way

4 SPONTANEOUS COLLECTIVE SELF-EXPRESSION

Once more, Schweppshire anticipates the era of progress—the century of the common, or fairly common, man. The making of music is not left to the individual freak, the isolated and probably introverted and ego-bound "composer", standing or wishing to stand apart from his fellow men. Musical creation is a spontaneous act evolved from the group-will, by the group-will, for the group-will.

In this simplified illustration of the poly-omni-panhorn, musical group-creation is seen at work. Mass extemporising is co-ordinated, not by the domineering baton of the conductor (tawdry effigy of the old slave habit or leader-and-led mentality) but by the "unanimity of the common spout".

The effect of omnipolyphonic music is difficult to describe to those whose ear, brought up to the "tum-ti-tum" of Hindemith or Berg, is not trained to receive four-dimensional sound; nor is its scripting easy. The scribe or *Übereinstimmung-schreibgeratsmann* (right-hand corner) must be specially trained. For his three-dimensional notation (see inset) he uses a three-dimensional typewriter.



Design by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter

SCHWEPPERVESCENCE LASTS THE WHOLE DRINK THROUGH

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needed a good wash anyway. Unfortunately the native drowned. His death was not, of course, intended, but the Port Moresby Court had seen fit to return a verdict of "guilty." The accused, a man with a "splendid" record, was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment. Local White opinion at the time was outraged by verdict and sentence—as deeply outraged as it was during my stay, by the "too lenient" sentence of four years' in jail for a native who had (unsuccessfully) attempted to attack a European woman.

After a time one comes to understand this aura of fear and guilt which appears to surround the European residents. It is not easy to pretend *all* the time. We all know that there was no "native problem" in Paradise before we appeared on the scene. Now, for sixpence a day, we have cheated adult children into selling their right to lie in the sun. Many Europeans at some stage or other know in their hearts that they would like to run away from all this pretence, and misery, and guilt; but they delay long enough to make the run back home a little more comfortable. TROILUS

Mayweek

MAYWEEK at Cambridge, like Hitler's Reich, is a creation of forces outside itself, forces which triumph for want of an alternative, forces which remain alien to that which they transcend. For Mayweek is the splendid summer creation, not of the city in which it is to be observed, but of the Outside World: a bright, seeming-charming, feminine concoction, the fulfilment of the boudoir-dream of the London partner, the endorsement of the expectation of the London press. Year after year, there are balls and concerts and parties; there are fairy lights on the bridges and cheese straws perpetually in the wind. The prices rise in the restaurants and on the river; the theatres are full in the evenings and, in the mornings, we remark waiters wiping the champagne glasses ready for the following night. And all day the various ambassadors from the places beyond Trumpington traipse through the cloisters bringing their particular messages and a certain warning.

Such ambassadors play a necessary role. It is for them to offer terms of surrender to those of us who live within the city walls. Many of us will have been besieged for three years. Beleaguered, we will have drunk deep of the local water and eaten many forbidden vegetables. From time to time we will have sallied out, made forays, for reconnaissance and provender, into the surrounding country. Such is the commodity of a vacation. Captives have often been brought in. Celebrities from the Capital have paid visits and have been fêted in our market places. And there has always been the temptation to prolong the foray into an expedition of colonisation. And each year, in June, when the sun seems high in the heavens, when for a brief moment the Future seems more interesting than the past, a certain number rashly march out across the causeway, with colours flying and drums beating, a gallant band, soon to be set upon, dispersed, lost; ever afterwards perhaps to carry on a guerilla war in the high ground, perhaps sheepishly to return to those they left behind, bringing stories and macabre anecdotes which are not wholly believed.

Visitors therefore to Cambridge are very remarkable people. Open-eyed behind dark-glasses they stand agog in the centre of the court, unknowing that it is not they who study us, but we who are watching them from the high windows that serve us as lorgnettes. We watch the way they walk and talk, and drive and drink. The weight they give to a pause is for us a matter of vital importance. They are technically expert at the kinds of things they do. And Mayweek is their especial festival. How wise it is, of course, to seek, in this season, the solace of the provinces. How sweet to take the Great North Road, to set out for a city in the Danelaw, fortified certainly but so easy to storm. And after the assault, the plunder and the loot. There have been other attacks in the weeks before: Americans and Swedes have been here with their cameras: and parents: but they were less dangerous, they were the Persians. From London come the Spartans and their attack is utterly ruthless. Before them we yield: we become mere curiosities, entertainers who perform on the boards; glorified lackeys who make arrangements for dinners and peculiarly expensive flowers on their behalf. For them ball-committees have sat many days. For them the telephones have rung at inconvenient hours. For them there has been floodlighting and tours of the chapels. The Fitzwilliam has not been neglected and the local branch of the English Speaking Union has increased its staff. Only continuous rain has kept them from the outdoor performances of *Twelfth Night*. To charming villages in the neighbourhood, where the publicans are poets, they have been driven out in fast, open cars. They will personally have incurred unforgettable memories.

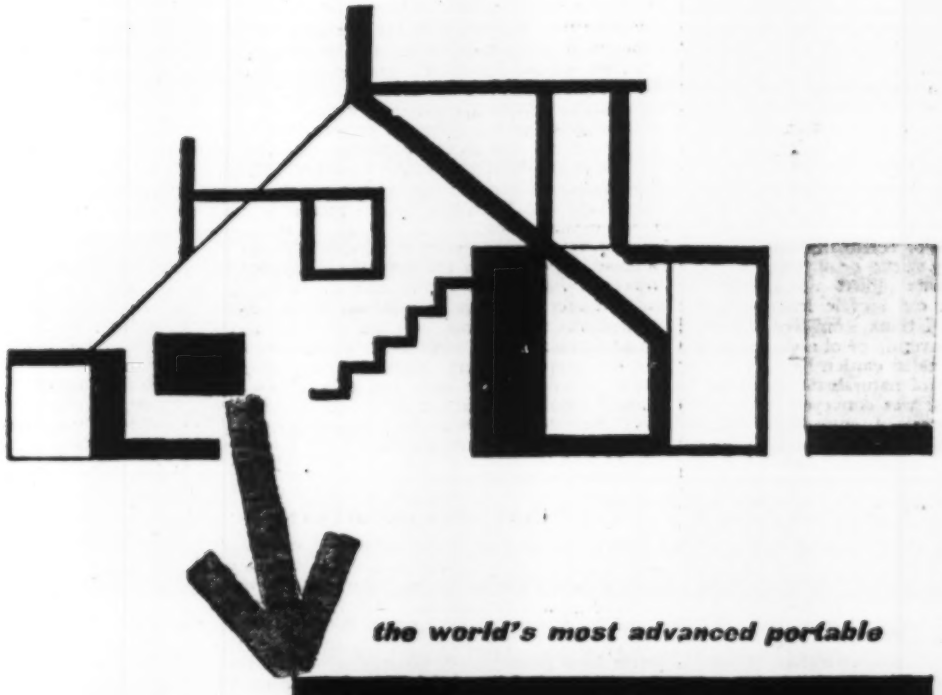
Not however for no return, these extraordinary efforts: for those who come to see us have their function. For us they are not persons, only symbols; not friends, but facts. They come in an official capacity, invaders who are also legates, informing us and, in the act of information, commanding us and pointing out the way. Thus and thus, they say, we do in our country. To render such services such a festival is worthwhile. But it has nothing else to do with Cambridge.

HUGH THOMAS

The Arts and Entertainment

BRAQUE

"*L'Oeuvre Graphique de Braque*" is the title of the present exhibition at Gimpel Fils, for which they are to be warmly congratulated, since this is the first one-man-show accorded this greatest of all living painters by any London dealer since 1939 (I am not forgetting the remarkable exhibition of 1946: but that was at the Tate). One wonders if London's private galleries have been as adventurous since the war as they were before it. For instance, the 1939 exhibition, which was at Rosenberg and Helft (here no longer), listed 24 important new paintings. And not only that; but the same gallery had put on, only the previous year, in 1938, another large Braque exhibition. London was thus kept abreast of Paris in its awareness of the latest development in the works of a living master. What is the situation today? It is that only one, so far as I know, of the numerous important canvases which have come from Braque's hand since 1945 has been seen in London. The same is virtually true of Picasso and Matisse. I realise that the prices now commanded by these three great painters are such that only in America is there a market for their recent oil-paintings. But what worries me is the impoverishment this involves for our younger painters and students, many of whom will never have seen the post-war works of these major artists in the flesh. This would matter less if it were not for the fact that, since 1945, all three have produced works which rank with their greatest periods. Braque in particular is, it has seemed to me, crowning his career with the



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noblest, subtlest and most enduring paintings he has ever achieved. Who will give us an exhibition of these?

The show at Gimpel's does not, of course, fill this bill. Like the artist himself, this exhibition has a modest, reticent air. It is more likely to reinforce the conviction of the already converted than to take by storm the uninitiated or sceptical—a thing I would not have said of his latest one-man-show, in June of last year, at Galerie Maeght, where perhaps two dozen new oils, some very large, were of immense power, grandeur, refinement and calm. I can imagine a London audience being profoundly impressed by the extraordinary degree of realism in those recent paintings of sunflowers in a jug; or cornfields under dramatically dark blue-grey skies; or of the empty grey seashore; or of boats pulled up against the sandhills; or of an old bicycle leant against a fence covered with, I think, convolvulus, a field and hedges visible beyond; or of a slatted garden table standing in freckled garden light. Not that there was any trace of naturalistic modelling or imitative texture: all was conveyed in terms of interwoven silhouettes—of any object and on any scale; a leaf-silhouette, a table-silhouette, both were units in an abstract design as tight and complex in its detailed organisation as it was apparently loose and free in its larger pattern, its compositional layout. Here, in fact, was a solution to our gravest problem—how to unite the impulse to abstract with the opposite impulse, which is to convey by some means of "representation" the painter's poetic attachment to a subject. By combining, in his more recent imagery, the realistic profile or silhouette of the objects which are his subject-matter (a leaf, a jug, a bicycle saddle, a studio chair) with a flat rendering of its mass, Braque has re-married the abstract to the representational.

The most exciting example of this at Gimpel's is in number 22, *Feuilles, Couleurs, Lumière*. The essential double impact of the subject on the one hand, and of the picture itself, the "flat" design, on the other, is perfectly demonstrated in this large lithograph in olive, black, cinnamon and white. The rounded leaves in the jug are furry, fleshy—though conveyed only as silhouettes, in point of pictorial fact. Apart from two indifferent reproductions, one of the famous oil, *La Table de Cuisine*, 2; and *Le Compotier*, 8 (these are lithographs *after*, not *by* Braque, though marked "lithographie en couleurs" in the catalogue), the selection is excellent and ranges wide, from the light, airy vibrations of *Hommage à J. S. Bach* and *Fox*, of 1912, to the immensely weighty, sensuous, black teapot, *Théière et Citrons*, of 1947 or 1948. This teapot has an alarmingly animal potency and life-of-its-own: yet its presence is checked, calmed into formal grandeur and beauty by Braque's supreme sense of his *métier*. I rank him above Picasso precisely because of this. Picasso gives us the alarming *presence*, but cares hardly at all whether the picture is alive or perfect as an object in itself, as a picture. Picasso communicates *through* his pictures, which are mere vehicles. With Braque, the picture is itself the communication. Thus we can, at the same instant, relish the greyness or blackness of ink on grained paper—as in the exquisitely simple but powerful *Petite Tête Noire* here, or *Oiseau I*—and register an image of symbolic force. With Braque the means and the ends are quite indistinguishable. These small etchings, no less than the lithographic posters which have, very sensibly, been included, have each the calm finality of formal utterance which is denied if, as so often with Picasso since about 1924, spontaneity itself becomes the dominant criterion.

PATRICK HERON

CHOIRS AND QUARTETS

THE miscellaneous choral concert is seldom, at any rate in Southern England, a very stimulating event. To begin with, the programme is often scrappy and conventional. Then there is the larger question of the kind of musical texture which gives us pleasure—a point in which taste veers from generation to generation. Our fathers loved billowing choral masses as they loved full organ *fortissimi*, and these irritate us, not by their mere volume (we tolerate far more from the orchestra) but by the effect of confusion in the middle parts. Hence the welcome modern tendency towards smaller choirs which aim first at clarity of texture and purity of style. But even when these desirable objectives have been achieved, I confess to finding much of our vaunted English choralism drab as sheer sound: the sopranos scrawny, the altos plummy, the tenors anxious and sparse, only the basses at all solid and comfortable.

Some of these weaknesses were perceptible in the latest of the London Bach Society's concerts under Paul Steinitz, given in the beautiful old church of St. Bartholomew-the-Great. An undernourished tonal quality prevented me from wholly enjoying Bach's Cantata, *Christ lag in Todesbanden*. Nevertheless, this was a memorable evening. The programme, just the right length and perfectly chosen, contained Britten's *Rejoice in the Lamb*, one of many works in which the idea of innocence has inspired him to music of a disarming clarity and simplicity. Everything in this cantata attests the composer's intuitive understanding of the peculiar world of Christopher Smart. As in the poem, so in the music, the quaintness of the passage about "my cat Jeoffry" dissolves into a loving reverence; and the dotted-note "Hallelujah," so light and airy and child-like, answers exactly to the naive sweetness and pathos of Smart's vision of eternal goodness. Beside this exquisite piece, the London Bach Society set *A Canticle of Man*, in which Alan Rawsthorne has understandably failed to discover a comparable inspiration in the abstract verses of Randall Swingler, and a short new work by Edmund Rubbra. This is *Song of the Soul*, a setting of a poem by St. John of the Cross in Roy Campbell's translation. Here Rubbra uses freshly and imaginatively these simple devices—consecutive triads and false relations—which have become almost habitual with English composers. The writing for six-part chorus, strings, harp and timpani yields a silken texture which delights the ear, and the music has a soft inward radiance which is a perfect counterpart to the quiet ecstasy of the words.

Equally unconventional was the programme given at the Festival Hall on the previous evening by the Roger Wagner Chorale with the help of the Philharmonic Chamber Orchestra and Nan Merriman, an admirable mezzo-soprano. I am sorry that Americans should have dropped the good plain words "choir" and "chorus" in favour of "chorale," which sounds pretentious except in its proper meaning of a Lutheran hymn-tune: but there is nothing pretentious about these two dozen singers from Los Angeles. The first thing that strikes the English ear about them is the ease and youthful bloom of their tone; they don't seem, like many choirs, recruited mainly from uncles and aunts. Their balance and intonation are fine, and they sing in three languages with neither music nor text in their hands and with a clean attack on both note and word which is highly stimulating. I did not hear the whole of their programme, so cannot vouch for their performance of the second act of Gluck's *Orfeo* or of the Brahms *Liebeslieder Waltzes*; but in rarely heard excerpts from the early part of Berlioz's *Romeo and Juliet* they sang with great fire and rhythmic subtlety, making us realise the delightful originality of this music, and mourn once more that Berlioz should have buried so much beauty in a clumsy structure. The concert ended with some lively but incongruous settings of Shelley by George Antheil.

On the same evening the Amadeus Quartet gave in the small Recital Room of the Festival Hall a programme of English string quartets, including Fricker's No. 2, lately included in a Cheltenham programme. This displays the vitality and intellectual restlessness characteristic of its composer, and rises in the final movement, an adagio, to a more directly communicable kind of emotion than is usual with him: I should think it would wear well. Another quartet first given at Cheltenham is to be performed in the Recital Room on July 14 by the New London String Quartet. This is Phyllis Tate in F. Miss Tate is a composer whose work has a pronounced and attractive flavour of its own. Some of this flavour, no doubt, is due to her sensitive experiments in unusual colour schemes. She has discovered a vein of urban poetry and wit in the saxophone; she has written a sonata for clarinet and cello; and in the *Nocturne for Four Voices* which first made her name she drew against the surrounding darkness a most delicate tracery of sound. In the monochrome medium of the string quartet her sense of colour and judicious spacing again appears, but not all these effects seemed to be fully realised in the Cheltenham performance; there is surely

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more sensuous beauty in the winding lines of the Cantilena, the second movement, than emerged. The most immediately successful of the four movements was the third, an original Allegretto grazioso with a paper likeness to Brahms which proves, on hearing, as superficial as the suggestion of Rossini in the whirling triplets of the finale.

On Sunday the Griller Quartet celebrated 25 years' unbroken partnership (a unique and splendid achievement) by a Festival Hall concert which included the first English performance of a new quartet by Ernest Bloch. The discipline of quartet writing has before now provided a valuable corrective to the passionate luxuriance of Bloch's imagination; and on this occasion he has also abjured the diffuseness of his two previous works in this medium. There is perhaps some risk of rhythmic monotony in his first movement, but the following Adagio, beautifully scored, transmutes the familiar mood of impassioned protest into something strangely remote and ethereal, while the grotesque humour of the Scherzo strikes a note new in the work of this profoundly serious composer. The whole Quartet is impressive and cuts deeper than any of his post-war orchestral music that has been given here.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

WATCH AND PRAY

"Good morning, everybody. Good morning. . . . Any answer? . . . . Thank you. I knew you'd say it, just as I know you've said it to each other. But how many of you thought of saying 'Good morning' to God? Be honest, now. Did you start off the day with a prayer?" The time is 7.50 in the morning—hour of the furred tongue, the first cigarette decomposing in the tea cup. One's face, made venerable by the shaving soap, stares blankly back from the mirror. We are listening to a talk in that strange B.B.C. feature *Lift Up Your Hearts*.

To write about religion is always difficult, partly because no one wants to cause offence but mainly because, in a largely pagan society, even one's terms of reference are not clear. A word such as charity has a precise and dogmatic ring for some people, for others it is connected with giving sixpence to a beggar or the organising of a flag day. A critic must acknowledge that the B.B.C. is in precisely the same dilemma. He should go further and say that certain prelates of the Church of England often seem as lost as the B.B.C. "We cannot know," the Dean of Windsor said in a recent broadcast, "what significance there may be, if any, in rank or even in the blood Royal on the other side." When a man trained in theology can talk like this, much can be forgiven the B.B.C.

The Corporation is in no difficulty over the Church services: it merely has to weigh up the time available and then parcel it out among the various denominations. The problem arises when it has to launch out on its own, when it comes, in fact, to *Lift Up Your Hearts* or to that other odd feature, *The Silver Lining*. To study these talks is to learn a great deal about the B.B.C.'s reaction to anything controversial. Obsessed by the fear of criticism—by the thought of those bishops, priests and deacons, those lay preachers, ministers and rationalists, all grimly listening for some incautious word—the Corporation sometimes ends up by giving us almost a parody of religion. The hearty slap on the back, the Boy Scout code—what have these to do with the religious life as understood by any serious person? And the answer, I'm afraid, is very little.

"Good morning, everybody," starts another talk. "The course of true love, said Shakespeare, never did run smooth. Less poetic but just as true: the path of true love shouldn't be a one-way street." Or let us tune into another speaker, a great favourite with the B.B.C.

> So don't miss your chance of "driving as slow as you please." Of course you'll *have* to stop, now and then, not just to stare, but to worship. . . . But sometimes you'll have a sense of urgency, and then you'll put on speed with a purpose, the purpose of serving God swiftly. That way you'll taste the great joy of life's journey, and your average speed, when you come to its end, will be nothing to be ashamed of.

Not all the talks, of course, are in this vein. Dr. Maude Royden and Professor Emile Cammaerts recently gave admirable broadcasts, and no one could object to the Dean of St. Paul's on the Coronation or the Rev. R. T. Brook's Bible readings. But the prevailing mood is sadly different—witness the talks by industrial workers—and at its worst degenerates into an extreme form of Buchmanism.

Nor can I understand what audience the B.B.C. is trying to reach. The rationalists? The convinced Christians? Surely not? The person, then, who has no religious convictions? If that is the answer, let me refer the B.B.C.'s religious department to the John Wesley sermon given last week on the Third. Wesley did not patronise his congregations. He would never have referred, as Mr. Hugh Redwood did the other day, to "that chap Ananias." He treated people as adults. The broadcasts I have quoted may bring comfort to many people, as I am sure they do, but why should the B.B.C. assume that its appeal would not be so effective if it were less matey and more intelligent? And, really, it is no good the Corporation trying to pretend that religion is not a controversial subject: it *is*. If the B.B.C. faced that obvious fact and deliberately brought out the points of difference, we might learn a great deal more than we do at present.

HUGH MASSINGHAM

THE MOVIES

"The Story of Three Loves," at the Empire "Titanic," at the Leicester Square

It starts on board ship. Presumably when you want to set off three stories with no visible or other connection, the first-class passenger deck is as good a place to start from as any. There a couple of pressmen or fans detect James Mason; of course he isn't James Mason but a famous impresario of ballet; and his tense look betokens a story which, as soon as his interlocutors are gone, will reel out. It concerns Moira Shearer—charming Moira Shearer, who dances so beautifully and has great difficulty in repressing a sunny smile. Here she has to act tragic, being condemned to a weak heart which makes her abandon dancing. But then she spends an evening at the ballet, sits on in her box, and when all's over takes the empty stage in the dark theatre. Janusz Masonski overlooks. He is transported, and her he lures to his pillared flat (in London, apparently) where, repeating her performance, she inspires him and goes away to die. It's a rapturous piece, in which the filmability of ballet and the Shearer charm triumph over art talk and a tame story. Director, Gottfried Reinhardt.

Back on deck, we move two paces to Mademoiselle (Miss Leslie Caron), who starts at the word "governess." She has been governess in Rome to a horrible American boy, made worse by her recitations of Verlaine. He meets a wealthy witch, who enables him for an evening to project himself forward ten years and make love to the governess. Next day the family moves on, the boy looks thoughtful, the governess stays behind attending a lover, and a more pointless bit of abracadabra we've rarely witnessed. Director, I'm sorry to say, Vincent Minelli: one's sole reason for going. But the witch says something about youth and age and there being no time for waiting—smartly typical of the whole film—which is enough to introduce the boat-deck for a second and to discover Kirk Douglas waiting.

His flashback (third story) is the best of the three, being frankly melodramatic and scaring the eye with the high trapeze. Characters and emotions, as in the other stories, are negligible; but the location dazzles. A high-trapeze artist who has lost (some say murdered) one partner. Girl (Pier Angeli) dragged out of the Seine, to become the next partner. Rehearsals. Test, with clowns and fat manager looking on. Fat manager insists on not being removed for unique death-defying dive through prepared hoop. . . . I won't say more. The situation is the film's best thrill and the outcome perhaps unexpected. Director again Gottfried Reinhardt. We just have time to come back to deck, with no summing-up—what summing-up could be possible?—and the whole of the slick, pointless, at times cinematic thing is over. "An ocean liner is plying its way across the Atlantic, and priceless vignettes of life are locked in the hearts of its passengers."

And so to *Titanic*. The title and the first image on the screen—the iceberg, accompanied by a statement that events and conversations have been faithfully adhered to—raises inordinate hopes. The selective filmgoer would do well to get up and leave once these introductory glimpses are over; because what follows is a let-down with hardly even minor shocks or pleasures. More

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than the usual bustle attends the getting away of the great liner; the brush of the whitewasher is hard at work; rose-tinted spectacles are handed out all round; and late on the quay, bribing his way into the steerage, and then pushing to a rightful place at the captain's table, comes Mr. Clifton Webb. By leaps and bounds he has become our unfavourite actor—mine, that's to say. How embarrassing are the epigrams that will be made up, even though the bow-tie isn't, and how more than embarrassing an essential goldenness of nature which at the end he will horribly let shine! This time he is in pursuit of an absconding wife (Barbara Stanwyck), who not unnaturally couldn't bear him, and two children whom he designs to wrest from her. Painful are the novelette scenes they must work out, while from time to time telegrams about ice trickle in and we get the same repeated glimpse of men firing huge boilers. Of course, there are others on board, chiefly an alcoholic ex-priest and a clean young tennis player, and gangs of people with a tendency to cluster round pianos and sing. Well, the iceberg gashes its liner, women and children go off in boats which wait around till the ship goes down, and Providence—with a taste for cheap fiction—has ordained all. Mr. Webb and his son (who, it has been disclosed, isn't his) go down: the wife and the daughter (and her tennis player, who has earned a place in the boats by an act of heroism) row off to happy Minnesota or wherever. And so, no doubt, family discords have been resolved all through the passenger list and crew. A pity; with the images of iceberg and liner and the facts of the case, a first-rate film could have been—and still could be—made.

WILLIAM WHITEBAIT

The Aldeburgh Festival

The festival opened, most auspiciously, with a Coronation concert in the Parish Church and an outstandingly brilliant performance of *Albert Herring*. The former included vocal works by Arne and Purcell, Mozart's imposing Coronation Mass, and "Six variations on an Elizabethan theme (Sellinger's Round)", specially written for the occasion by Lennox Berkeley, Benjamin Britten, Arthur Oldham, Michael Tippett, Humphrey Searle and William Walton. Following the playful tradition of Aldeburgh, we were invited to record our guesses as to who had written each variation, with prizes for the successful competitors. In all but two cases the provenance was not hard to guess; but in the longest and most beautiful variation, a Lament, I suspect that a catch was introduced into the round. In any case the little work makes a very charming divertimento, and it is good news that Decca are to bring it out on an LP disc, together with the vocal pieces by Arne. These were extremely well sung under the direction of Imogen Holst, who also conducted a neat performance of her father's Fugal Concerto, a work that deserves more frequent hearing. *Albert Herring*, with Victoria Sladen in excellent voice as Lady Billows, Margaret Ritchie more deliciously funny then ever in the part of Miss Wordsworth, and Peter Pears in his best operatic assumption, emerged as one of Britten's happiest compositions and a comic masterpiece of the most endearing order. As Sid, Roderick Jones sang well, but inevitably seemed too mature for the part. The resonant acoustic of the Jubilee Hall allowed everything to tell without effort and the instrumental ensemble, under the composer's baton, emitted the most ravishing sounds. All in all, it was the best performance of the opera that has been heard in this country for a long time.

E. S. W.

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Correspondence

UNESCO STORM SIGNALS

SIR,—In the article entitled "Storm Signals at Unesco" in your issue of June 20 last, you refer to the legal opinion which Senator Henri Rolin, the eminent Belgian jurist, is preparing at the request of the Federation of International Civil Servants' Associations, on the Rights and Status of International Civil Servants.

Although, if there is time, it is the intention that this legal opinion shall take note of the decision to be handed down by the U.N. Administrative Tribunal, which is now considering the cases of 19 U.S. citizens dismissed from the United Nations during the year 1952 (this decision is expected to be made during August next), the main object of the opinion is to give a definition of the Rights and Status of International Civil Servants in time for consideration when the General Assembly of the United Nations again debates U.N. Personnel Policy at its session starting in September next.

Specifically, the questions which Senator Rolin has been requested to answer are the following:

(a) To what extent, if any, does derogatory information concerning an applicant for an international civil service position, submitted by his Government to the Secretary-General of the United Nations or the Directors-General of the Specialised Agencies, limit the Secretary-General or the Directors-General in the decision on the appointment?

(b) To what extent is mere membership of a political party, legal or otherwise, in the country of the staff member's nationality or his duty station, incompatible with employment as an international civil servant?

(c) To what extent is invoking a constitutional privilege against self-incrimination inconsistent with the status of an international civil servant?

(d) Are accepted rules of evidence consistent with the concept of "reasonable grounds for believing that an international civil servant is likely to engage in subversive activities," and, if so, does this justify termination of employment under the existing United Nations Staff Regulations and the existing Staff Regulations of the Specialised Agencies?

M. S. WILDE
Chairman

F.I.C.S.A. Executive Committee,
Geneva.

THE ROSENBERG CASE

SIR,—I was glad to see Critic's excellent note on the Rosenberg case, mentioning that in France many "have become convinced that the Rosenbergs were unfairly convicted." I was puzzled to see his indication that in Britain the penalty, rather than the question of guilt or innocence, was the main issue.

One of the most important protests in France, signed by the managements and staffs of every important Paris paper as well as by Parliamentary leaders representing all shades of opinion, said that "justice among men is fragile and fallible." Attached was a summary of the case by two leading French lawyers arguing that the Rosenbergs' guilt was never legally established and indicating reasons for believing they were innocent. The journalists who signed included the staff and management of *France-Soir*, the paper with the biggest circulation in the country, which only a few weeks ago published a crude account of the American viewpoint over the signature of Rebecca West. I can think of no other case of a newspaper insulting one of its contributors in so salutary a fashion. The staff of *l'Aurore*, a newspaper generally more Right Wing than anything published in Britain, also signed.

I think it should also be noted that the *New York Herald-Tribune's* Paris edition said that "foreign correspondents scanning the French Press yesterday [June 17, one day before the original date for the executions] for a defence of the American judicial and executive systems in the case found none."

But whatever happened during this period in Britain? I do not see all the British Press, but I generally read a fair number of papers and the impression I gained was that the protest in Britain was confined to the Left Wing and was feeble by comparison with what one might expect in such circumstances. I was shocked to see Tom Driberg reporting that some Labour people had refused to sign petitions "because the Communists had organised this campaign." Why were there not petitions, as in France, from a dozen sources? Were not, for instance, Catholics in Britain at the side of their French co-religionists, whose massive protest included the support of Cardinals?

Did Britain's Catholic writers address meetings and lead deputations, as François Mauriac did? What happened to all those in Fleet Street, in literature and in art, in films and on the stage and in broadcasting, all those in fact whose positions give them responsibilities and whose counterparts in this country, without, I believe a single well-known exception, led the storm of protest?

On the day after the execution, *Le Monde* cited comments from the world's Press. First came a series from French papers, all throwing serious doubt on the guilt of the Rosenbergs and bitterly critical of their execution. Then came Britain's lone contribution. It was an extract from the *Daily Telegraph* saying the Rosenbergs were undoubtedly guilty. It is impossible to convey in words the sense of unreality in which such statements are received here.

I can recall one other British editorial comment, made before the execution. It was a statement in the *News Chronicle* to the effect that the Americans ought to get this business over quickly, one way or another. Is such callousnes representative of Britain's mood to-day?

I cannot believe that the United States would have dared to execute an innocent couple if Sir Winston Churchill had taken a stand similar to President Auriol's, if the Conservatives, Liberals and Socialists had made a stand with the fearlessness, the vigour and the unanimity that France demonstrated.

What has happened to the leaders of British thought?

DAVID ROSS

27 rue de Tournon,
Paris, VIe.

CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN

SIR,—The Right-wing Press accorded *Challenge to Britain* a uniformly hostile reception. It was, therefore, a disagreeable surprise to find that you also were critical and patronising. One might have thought that the document deserved rather stronger support from a Left-wing paper.

I suggest that the merits of the new policy have been insufficiently praised. First, it insists that the essential determinants of British prosperity lie in the external and not the internal field. This alone would mark it out as the most mature, because least parochial, statement ever to come from a British political party. Secondly, the chief emphasis is on the international payments problem, showing that the Executive have correctly appraised the nature of the task ahead. (Mr. Freeman makes the breath-taking claim that this represents an adoption of "Bevanite heresies"; evidently Fabian publications do not reach THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION, or perhaps the claim was meant as a gentle leg-pull.) Moreover, the proposals in this field are admirably clear-cut and bold. Thirdly, the objectives of home economic policy, and in particular the required shift towards engineering, coal and steel, are excellently set out, and offer a practical hope of solvency without American aid.

Fourthly, most of the nationalisation proposals are sensible. The criterion is clearly stated that nationalisation must be limited to those cases where "the immediate national need" for it is overwhelming. This leads to a refreshingly sensible and flexible approach—an emphasis on proved inefficiency (machine tools, mining machinery, sectors of the land), on single plants rather than whole industries, and above all on State initiative in setting up new plants, and providing new capital, whenever required. This expansionary bias, which repeats the proposals of the 1950 programme, is a great improvement on the more restrictive notion of taking over whole industries and placing them in charge of a central National Board. Fifthly, the proposals on financial policy and controls are admirable. Again the emphasis is on expansion and the provision of new capital, while the section on controls should be a sufficient safeguard against future "bonfires." Sixthly, the education proposals mark a great advance on anything which has previously come from the Party, and their implementation would lead to an important increase in social equality.

The proper criticisms seem to me to be quite different from any made by you. First, there is, as Mr. Robens has already pointed out, the extraordinary omission of any reference to industrial democracy. Yet, surprisingly, you do not so much as mention this in your critiques. It is as if the sociologists had never written, and it shows a curious neglect of recent Fabian work on this subject by Mr. Albu and others. This omission springs, no doubt, from the current obsession, so evident in your own comments, with the issue of ownership. The critics are apparently willing wholly to ignore the position of the worker in industry, and all the frustrations caused by his enforced non-participation, provided only that an even bigger National Chemicals Board can be set up, or that de Havilland can be nationalised as well as Hawker Siddeley, or that rented land is taken over. (This last is the most surprising proposal of all. It has little to commend it on economic grounds, and is opposed by the workers in the industry. It is to be hoped that it will not be forced through Conference by the votes of purely urban parties which know little about the issues involved.)

Secondly, the social service proposals as they stand are impracticable. The total sums involved are out of the question in the light of our economic difficulties, and this whole passage is inconsistent with the brave talk earlier on of sacrifices. It may or may not be desirable to abolish all health charges, but it is certainly not consistent with also spending vast sums on education, expanding the hospital service, guaranteeing the real value of all social benefits, and so on. Did not a Labour leader once say that "the language of priorities is the religion of Socialism"? It is a pity his advice has not been heeded, and that no guide is given as to priorities.

Others could no doubt point to other weaknesses (e.g., the staggering amount of Parliamentary legis-

BASIL DAVIDSON
Daybreak in China

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JONATHAN CAPE

lation involved). Yet for all these criticisms, the new policy has the exceptional merit of proposing a formidable programme of social advance simultaneously with a determined attack on our economic difficulties. It is to be hoped that the Party will endorse it.

ANTHONY CROSLAND

House of Commons.

MOROCCAN NATIONALISM

SIR,—Really, Mr. Rom Landau should be careful not to be more Sultanesque than the Sultan. If he had taken the trouble to read the Sultan's latest statement, he would have found him in a very conciliatory mood *vis-à-vis* the French, and speaking in a manner a good deal less uncompromising than his famous Tangier speech. Judging from Mr. Landau's letter, one would think that it was he who had just come from Morocco and I who had not been in Morocco for several years, when, in fact, the very opposite is true. I shall not argue the point whether the Istiqlal leaders are less, or more, experienced than the Neo-Destour leaders: that is largely a matter of "impression" and "opinion", rather than factual proof, which Mr. Landau challenges me to produce. All I would say is that a great deal of the literature produced by the Istiqlal is politically far less mature than the numerous statements by Habib Bourguiba and the late Ferhat Hached, who have worked out the case of Tunisian nationalism down to its last practical detail.

Mr. Landau obviously thinks that America alone can save Morocco from the wicked French. He clearly does not realise that, in the opinion of both the people around the Sultan and the Istiqlal leaders, America, since the Republican victory, is no longer supporting any North African nationalisms against the French, and that the Sultan and the Nationalists are not looking to Washington, but to liberal French opinion for salvation—that very liberal opinion which he has the bad grace of crediting with "selfish vested interests." To pooh-pooh Mauriac and other French political and intellectual leaders who, in the last six months especially, have been conducting one of the most vigorous and effective campaigns for a fairer deal for the North Africans is to ignore one of the most significant recent developments in France. If this campaign succeeds, French North Africa may become a much better place than Puerto Rico or other American-protected territories. If, on the other hand, Mr. Landau is generally anti-colonialist, then let him say so, and let's all get out—get out of Malaya, Kenya, the Belgian Congo and all; but let's not be self-righteous about the French being the only sinners. But who, may I ask, are these idealist friends without "vested interests" who would like to replace the French and to whom Mr. Landau alludes?

Mr. Landau dismisses two of my statements as "unfounded" and "untrue"—one, that the Moroccan nationalists "no longer believe much in American support", and that the Sultan and the nationalists "believe that it was a mistake to bring the question of Morocco before U.N." I have dealt with the first point. On the second I would say just this: I was in Rabat a month ago; Mr Landau was not. The people around the Sultan, who spoke to me about it, were, quite definitely, in a conciliatory mood, wanted an agreement with the French, and said about U.N. exactly what I did report. If Mr. Landau still has any doubts about it, he had better try to get a written statement from the Sultan. He does not seem to have made allowances for the fact that conditions change in Morocco as they do elsewhere, and that the Moroccan argument is different to-day from what it was two years or even a year ago. For this, Mauriac and a large section of French public opinion deserve full credit.

Paris. ALEXANDER WERTH

FARM EFFICIENCY

SIR,—May I be allowed a few observations on Mr. J. P. Oakley's letter dealing with my article "Farm Efficiency"? Mr. Oakley claims that "in Britain it is land, not labour, that limits production, and attention must primarily be directed to increasing the output per acre." By coincidence in the same issue of your journal there is an advertisement which would seem strongly to support his contention. I quote from the advertisement because by another coincidence I happen to know the farm and the farmer referred to in it: it is headed "Ulster Farm," and says:—

> "the amount of silage made on the farm increased from 85 tons in 1947 to 450 tons in 1950; consumption of bought feeding stuffs was halved . . . milk production rose steadily from 223 gallons per acre in 1946 to 344 gallons per acre in 1950."

These startling results were brought about mainly by three things: by treating grass as a crop, by stepping up fertiliser application from 5 cwt. per acre to 9 cwt. per acre in a period of four years, and by rationing the grazing from April to October, using electric fences which were shifted twice a day. In such a case it is seen to be the practices (and therefore the *farmer* who adopts the practices) which are "limiting production": the farmer is the hub and spokes of the wheel and "output per acre" is only one of the fellies which revolve round him, dependent on him, just as "output per man" is another. At present, nobody in this country is in a position to say whether an improvement in the farmer's management of land or in his management of labour would produce the better results. In neither case has the final measurement been done.

Still, there are occasional signposts like the "Ulster Farm" example mentioned above; while on the other hand we have analyses of farm jobs done in this country which have led to the saving of time and labour and afterwards to increased profit and production because the saved time and labour were put to good use. To suggest (as Mr. Oakley does) that a farmer's layout must be changed at the landlord's expense before any big benefit can accrue from a Time and Motion study just does not square with the facts. The very essence of "farm work reorganisation" is that it shall involve little or no capital expenditure.

In actual practice I have found that huge savings of time and distance can be made by accepting the main structure of farm buildings as they stand and then observing the following principles (1) allow for circular travel, (2) have doors, paths and gangways of proper width and surface, (3) make use of barrow or trolley to avoid more frequent journeys carrying by hand, (4) always haul or carry maximum loads, (5) locate tools, implements and supplies in convenient set places, (6) plan to start a new operation where the old one ends. If you ask how huge these savings of time and distance are, then I quote one case from my own experience (I could give any number of others): a farmer milking 12 cows reorganised his byre work routines after a Time and Motion study and made a yearly saving of over three 47-hour weeks and 184 miles walking. The time saved represents 20 work units or enough to "service" one milk cow or five acres of barley for a year.

In innumerable cases farm jobs are crying out to be reorganised without any alteration to buildings being involved at all. It is only when you *measure* the kind of work being done that you can see why this should be so, for the amount of handwork done on farms independent of either building or machine is formidable. Conditions here must square with those in the highly mechanised United States, where Mr. Oakley says "it has been possible to take advantage of the increased 'know-how' in the layout of farms and buildings." Be that as it may, in a study done on the year 1944, Cooper, Barton and Brodell calculated that on U.S. farms 47 per-cent. of the time spent on crops was *handwork*; 75 per cent. of the time spent tending livestock was *handwork* and 77 per cent. of the time consumed by farm maintenance was work done by the *hands* or small hand tools. Here is a wide field for profitable and productive reorganisation.

I am not, I hope, an enthusiast for Time and Motion on the farm to the exclusion of any other method of increasing profit and production; but the farmers of Britain may again find themselves in serious competition with their foreign counterparts and (as I have said elsewhere) in that day it will be no use being only supreme in production per acre, for God is on the side of the broad acres and alas! they are not really so near home as Yorkshire.

19 Arundel Gardens, BRIAN BRANSTON
Westcliff-on-Sea,
Essex.

KOREAN CHILDREN'S FUND

SIR,—While the struggle in Korea continues to fill the headlines of the world press, those with imagination appreciate dimly what the conflict of these past tragic years has meant to the people of Korea. With half of their country devastated, and their colleges, schools, factories, shops and homes destroyed or broken up; with 4,500,000 refugees to be cared for (amongst them 77,000 known to be orphans), there is much to appeal to us who pride ourselves as a nation on our humanity.

One of the many organisations which have been working during the last two years to establish contacts with the Korean people is International Help for Children. Small as this organisation is, it has been directly responsible for helping over 5,000 children from Greece, Germany, Italy, France and Britain. Working through small voluntary committees or existing relief bodies, it arranges for groups of children, accompanied by their own leaders speaking the language of both child and host, to spend months, and sometimes years, as the guests of private families. Greek, German and Italian refugees helped in this way have prospered exceedingly, and have made lasting friendships with the families with whom they have spent so many happy months.

Now over 100 families have been found willing and able to invite 25 Korean children as guests into their homes for a long period of rehabilitation. It is felt that a Korean Children Fund of £3,000 should be established to help meet the costs of travel and administrative expenses in connection with this project. We are, therefore, asking all those who feel able to help in this humane work to send as large a contribution as possible to us addressed to:—International Help for Children, c/o Barclays Bank, 161, Euston Road, London, N.W.1.

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COLLINS

Books in General

On Ascension Day in 1905, an eighteen-year-old boy in the uniform of a *lycéen* came down the steps of the Grand Palais after looking at the paintings in the Salon de la Nationale. In front of him were an old lady and a slim young one: as he passed them, he turned and looked into the intensely blue eyes of the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Under her hat of roses, her hair was impossibly fair; she carried a white parasol and she walked off with her companion down the Cours de la Reine to the river and stepped on to a steamer. The *lycéen* followed them to a house on the Boulevard St. Germain, which he haunted for the next ten days though he saw the girl once only, at a window. On Whit-Sunday he followed her to St. Germain-des-Prés, and waited in a fever during the service in a side chapel; as she began to walk home he came up to her and stammered how beautiful she was. She seemed to rebuff him, and moved across the square; he caught her up again, told her who he was, and how he wanted to write. She told him where she lived—Toulon; and her name—Yvonne. But when he blurted out that he loved her, all she could say, in a voice at once gentle and firm, was "*A quoi bon? A quoi bon?*" and she forbade him to follow her. They had reached the Pont des Invalides; he leant against a pillar, and watched her go. She turned round twice, then disappeared for years.

The story of Alain-Fournier is really the story how this crowning experience of his life became, after eight years, his one novel *Le Grand Meaulnes*.

Mr. Gibson's absorbing study* is largely the record of Fournier's long struggle to find the form which should convey the reality underlying this meeting. He has faithfully followed Fournier through his marvellously happy childhood in the Sologne countryside, the harsher years in *lycées* at Brest, Bourges and Paris, the intellectual discoveries—Baudelaire and Verlaine, Jammes and Laforgue, Claudel and Gide; and through the boorishness and disillusion of military service. Drawing on the memories of many of Fournier's friends, Mr. Gibson has built up a fascinating picture of his life in Paris after he left the army in 1909. He wrote a daily column of literary gossip for *Paris-Journal*, became one of the earliest contributors to the *Nouvelle Revue Française*, stayed with Gide at Cuverville. He went to the Vieux Colombier and the Ballet Diaghilev; he played Rugby regularly for the Paris University Club, in company with Jean Giraudoux and Charles Péguy; he gave French lessons to a young man from Harvard, T. S. Eliot.

Mr. Gibson, who has had the help of Fournier's sister, Madame Rivière, convinces us that he has missed no significant clue in Fournier's life. His study is far fuller than Henri Gillet's of five years ago, though far less elegantly written. Often he irritates by his clumsiness:

> About the house, more often than not, he was a figure of gaiety, dance and song. His pranks flamed spontaneously into being. . . .

And I have seldom read a serious book with more maddening misprints. But then he makes up for it by the occasional illumination that comes from his loving obsession with his subject:

> Perhaps many of the intimations of immortality which haunt us in our childhood are often merely our vague perceptions of the world about us. From chance hints and evocations, a piano playing in a room forever closed to us, a barge passing silently along the canal, a caravan which drives out of our life in the early morning before we have time to wave farewell—all these reveal that there are other worlds than ours, and our yearning is not for the clouds of glory of some unknown life before our birth, but merely for the half-glimpsed lives about us in which we can have no share.

When Fournier, in his Paris years, talked incessantly of the novel he was going to write, his friends expected an ambitious structure—literary and poetic in approach but dealing, like Gide and Claudel, with an "important" subject. What they finally got was a short, sparely written narrative of village schoolboys; Meaulnes's escapade on a winter day to an old manor where a fête is in progress; the pony races and the pleasure boat, the old country people and the enchanting young châtelaine, Yvonne de Galais; Meaulnes's return to school and the long, vain search for the manor; his departure, and his friend Seurel's rediscovery of Yvonne; Meaulnes's marriage to her and his flight next day in search of her brother Frantz whom he is bound, by a schoolboy pact, to help; Yvonne's death in childbirth, Meaulnes's return and the final departure with his daughter. More like *Kidnapped* than *Les Nourritures Terrestres*; more like *True Thomas* than *Pelléas et Mélisande*.

He had travelled far from the early drafts, *Les Gens du Domaine* and *Le Pays Sans Nom*, those evocative fragments of poetic prose which owed much to Laforgue, to Maeterlinck and Debussy—Fournier had, in his mind, called the girl of the Cours de la Reine "Mélisande" before he knew her real name. A full synopsis shows that his next attempt, *Le Jour de Noces*, was far closer to *Le Grand Meaulnes*, in its characters and the sequence of events: but it was conceived as a novel of renunciation—there are similarities to *La Porte Etroite*—and the hero, after rediscovering and marrying the beautiful girl, renounces human for divine happiness and goes off to be a missionary. Mr. Gibson makes it clear how much the final conception owed to Fournier's reading of English adventure stories—from Defoe to *Treasure Island* and *The First Men in the Moon*. But the clue to its clear-cut scenes, its terse, nervous style, lay also in his personal life. In 1910 he had a passionate, painful affair with a girl called Jeanne: involved with her he felt a sense of betrayal and banishment towards Yvonne and towards his childhood. The association gave him the detachment of despair: what he longed for was now so plain because so hopelessly lost. Though Yvonne was for him "*tout l'art, toute la littérature et pourtant toute la vie*," she was barely flesh and blood: he tortured himself trying to recall her smile, her eyes, her hair. "*La femme ne fut jamais pour moi que des paysages*," he had written in 1906; and his aggressive earthy contact with Jeanne seemed to lead him straight back to the earth of Sologne.

So when he started work afresh on the novel all the symbolist atmosphere was swept away—though, as Mr. Gibson points out, he retained a certain amount of symbolist technique in his use of recurring motifs: the night wind, the hunting-horn, the sad little refrain, *mes souliers sont rouges*. Instead of day-dreaming he deliberately ransacked his memory for the real woods that crowded in on La Chapelle d'Angillon, his uncle's enormous shop at Nançay, the chicken-stealing gipsies, the wandering players and their caravan, the country balls his grandmother had danced at, the story of a dead girl who had to be carried down the cottage stairway because it was too narrow for the coffin. He put in Jeanne, as Valentine: and Yvonne herself, though inevitably she is the least real person in the tale, is firmly planted in an earthy landscape. "*Je n'aime la merveille que lorsqu'elle est étroitement* insérée *dans la réalité*" he wrote: and the technical triumph of *Le Grand Meaulnes* is that, though it leads into a world as magical as that to which the Queen led Thomas the Rhymer, it would not be irrelevant to read it with the Carte de l'Etat Major spread out in front. Like Stevenson, Fournier had known how to make a country famous with a legend.

Like Stevenson, too, he had a compulsion to play out his story in his life as in his novel—"*Créer ma vie, ainsi, comme un conte merveilleux.*" His tremendous posthumous reputation reflects the special feeling we have for writers who have expressed themselves in action as in words, who, like T. E. Lawrence and St. Exupéry, have lived their own predicament. Fournier's predicament was to be peculiarly susceptible to the dynamic and disruptive element in any human enterprise or relationship. Departure is the essence of his novel: the still pools of happiness, in the schoolhouse, at the fête, in the little house where Meaulnes and Yvonne spend their wedding night—are shattered by the departure of Meaulnes, or Frantz, that other aspect of himself.

> *Partir et n'arriver jamais. Serrer des chevaux frais entre ses cuisses. Parcourir l'aridité. Souffrir de l'inconnu, souffrir de ne pas s'habituer. Partir, repartir, dormir sous le ciel, enveloppé de laine, sur des places de villes, repartir, caravanes! caravanes! . . . Revivre, revivifier toutes les vies, en passant. Mais passer. Ne pas s'arrêter, ne pas s'habituer, ne pas s'arranger une vie et un bonheur.*

This was written to his closest friend, Jacques Rivière—their correspondence over nine years is the main key to Fournier's development—on the announcement of Jacques' engagement to Isabelle Fournier. What gives Fournier's predicament its poignancy is that though he felt departure to be his destiny, he was so aware of all he was leaving. The schoolhouse-home in *Meaulnes* is drawn with love, not irony: Fournier haunted the households of his young married friends, the Rivières and the André Lhotes, lingering affectionately over their happiness, the babies, the evenings together in silence by the fire. His recurring dream was not of the moment of passion, but of the moment of waking, for the first time, by the side of the beloved. It was at a harrowing price to himself that he played his part: of asserting,

* *The Quest of Alain-Fournier*. By Robert Gibon. *Hamish Hamilton*. 21s.

not that human happiness is illusory, but that it only lasts in so far as it is more than pleasure or content; that it is not only a refuge, but also a point of departure; that even the unbelievably happy ending must always be a new beginning.

Yet the final impression left by *Le Grand Meaulnes* is not frustration nor despair: for all Yvonne's death and Seurel's desolation, it is not a tragic book at all. Meaulnes' tremendous effort, his sense of dedication to an ideal beyond happiness, gives the book a lyrical vitality and hope. "*Tout est possible*": if you can only believe enough in the lost manor, you will find it again. Mr. Gibson takes the conclusion of the novel to be "that even if human happiness were attainable, it would be too terrible to bear, and as fearful as pain." I should put it rather differently: the moment of perfect happiness has no projection in time; it must continually be shattered and recreated; but it does exist and the quest for it gives life its beauty and purpose—"*revivifier toutes les vies, en passant.*"

Yeats, with whom Fournier has much in common, passed through the shadowy waters and the land of heart's desire to come to terms with the Ireland of the Cosgrave Government. One cannot easily conceive of Fournier also becoming "a sixty-year-old smiling public man"; but neither could we have easily foreseen that future for Yeats at twenty-seven. Fournier was not given the choice: like his own hero he walked out of his story, in September, 1914, leading his patrol into a wood in the Argonne, and was never seen again. It was the end he had foreseen, possibly the only end for a life of departures: "*Je cherche la clef de ces évasions dans les pays désirés et peut-être, après tout, c'est la mort.*"

JANET ADAM SMITH

THESE WORDS I WRITE ON CRINKLED TIN

To the green wood where I found my love:
To the green wood where I held my love;
To the green wood now my love is gone.

I follow death that stands on my breath,
My heart cut out by the timeless scythe,
All grievous foliage stifling and still.
I carve marks on the bark's rough edge
To convince my grief he came here once
Whose spirit shivers the poplar tree.

To the green wood where the woodcock flies,
To the green wood where the nightjar hides,
To the green wood with red eyes of a dove.

The young jays springing and curious
Who peck eyes from the lamb's sweet face,
Resemble too well my heartless step.
For he loves me and I love another,
I love another yet he still loves me,
He loves me still yet I love another.

To the green wood where the green air fades,
To the green wood fluid with icy shades,
To the green wood afraid I follow fast,

Past Syrian Juniper and tall grass;
Hanging with dark secrets the Brewer's spruce;
The pond that drew the young child in;
Among darkening leaves: a nightingale
Sobbing in the sunniest season,
"My love, My love, do I love the other?"

To the green wood where I found my love:
To the green wood where I held my love:
To the green wood now my love is gone.

LYNETTE ROBERTS

THE MARRIAGE OF HERCULES AND EVE

The Sword from the Rock. By G. R. LEVY. *Faber.* 30*s.*

Miss Levy, who has set herself "to clarify the relation between epic literature and the ritual with which it was originally involved," starts her argument from a group of rock sculptures at Hattasus in Lycaonia, the capital of the Hittite Empire, destroyed by Phrygians about the year 1200 B.C. They show a robed Goddess, mounted upright on the back of a lioness, greeting a kilted Storm-god armed with a mace and sword, and supported by two genii. Their sacred wedding on a mountain top is imminent. Behind the Goddess, who is named Hepatu, the prospective son of the union rides on another lioness and carries a Cretan double-axe; his accompanying emblem, a humanized shield, represents the divine thunderbolt. Behind him again, come two Horae, goddesses of the two-seasoned year, and a train of lesser gods and personages. A similar train follows the Storm-god, and two bull-demons carry a nuptial couch. Miss Levy has specially visited Hattasus to view and photograph these carvings.

The deities' part, it appears, were ritually played by King Arnuwanda I of the Hittite Old Empire and the Lycaonian High Priestess. As a preliminary, the King underwent a ritual death and rebirth in a neighbouring rock-chamber: hence the burial slab at the far end, and the lion-headed and griffin-headed demons of Underworld type guarding the entrance. Another sculptured group inside shows the son again, sweeping the King towards a huge sword of sovereignty plunged in a rock; its hilt is another God, with a body composed of the front halves of four lions. *But before* the King may draw the sword—as Theseus did, and King Arthur, and Sir Galahad—the axe must strike off his head.

The ritual is elucidated by Miss Levy in terms of the well-documented Babylonian New Year performance called the Akitu, during which the City-god Marduk, who had retained many of the functions of his Sumerian predecessor Enlil (a sort of Tammuz) underwent a similar death in the person of the King; though himself remaining immortal. The King spent the three days of his demise in a ziggorath, or artificial hill, from which he was eventually rescued by a representative of the god Nabu after a battle against the guardian demons, and re-installed in majesty. As Marduk he then led a victorious charge of gods against his enemy, the Goddess Tiamat—the Creatrix, whose emblem was the She-dragon of the Sea, or the Dove that laid the World Egg—and symbolically cut her in two with his sword. In the course of these dramatic rites the Babylonian Creation Epic was sung celebrating Marduk's inauguration of world order by his defeat of Tiamat and her brood. At the summit of the ziggorath the King then married the most beautiful girl in his dominions, who represented Marduk's obedient wife, the Goddess Zaparmit, and a prolonged feast ended the twelve-day festival.

Earlier sacred weddings, of which less detailed descriptions survive, are recorded from Lagash, where the god Ningirsu married the Goddess Bau; and from Isin, where the god Tammuz married Ishtar. In both these regions, however, the King was enroyalled by his marriage, owed his Queen at least theoretical obedience—both Bau and Ishtar are titles of Tiamat the Creatrix—and boasted of no new order. It was much the same at Hattasus. The Hittites were patriarchal Aryans of a sword cult but, like the Ionian invaders of Attica, had come to terms with the Goddess-mother of the lands they conquered and accommodated their worship to hers. Arnuwanda won his local sovereignty by marriage to her hereditary priestess and by agreeing to suffer in ritual mime, the actual death which she had once inflicted, as supreme matriarch, on temporary spouses chosen from among her subjects.

At Babylon a later stage of development had been reached: Marduk repudiated his obligations to the Mother-goddess and rejoiced in having destroyed her power. Contrariwise, the King now honoured his temporary spouse by choosing her from among his subjects. "World order" meant the new patriarchate.

Miss Levy earns our gratitude by equating Hepatu with Eve, "the Mother of All Living" in Genesis, and calling attention to the divine title Abdiepta (son of Hepatu) borne by a pre-Davidic King of Jerusalem. Discretion, however, restrains her from pursuing the argument, which would have led her to record another New Year wedding between the Lion-goddess Anatha, or Hepatu, of Jerusalem—who gave the tribe of Judah its lion badge—and Iahu the Storm-god. This seems to have been celebrated by all sacred Kings of the Aaronic line until shortly before the Exile, when a group of monotheistic prophets reformed the Hebrew religion: suppressing the cults of the Lion-goddess Anatha-Hepta and the Dove-goddess Ashima, whose temples—"The House of Pharaoh's Daughter", and "The House of the Forest of Lebanon"—are recorded in Kings to have been a good deal larger than that of their colleague Iahu. Yet the treasury accounts of the Jewish temple at Elephantine in Upper Egypt, which remained unreformed, show that these goddesses still formed a trinity then with Iahu in the fifth century B.C. Moreover the memory of the sacred wedding lingered on at Jerusalem, the nuptial furniture of the Holy of Holies being explained by the Pharisees as symbolising Iahu's love for his people; the Cherubim of the Mercy Seat, as one does not learn at Sunday School, were locked in a realistically erotic embrace. But Iahu was claimed by Isaiah to have cut the Dragon, namely Tiamat, in pieces with his sword; and the revised Creation story of Genesis, which humbled Eve almost beyond recognition, had established the same world order as at Babylon.

So far, so good. Miss Levy's findings about the sacred marriage can be cross-checked from Greek, Roman, Hebrew, Syrian, and early Celtic sources. It is only when theorising with lyric warmth about the epic hero, that she does her-

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self an injustice. She compares the Sanskrit Mahabharata, which glorifies the knightly Maryannu soldier caste, with the Iliad, but does not remark that the Homeric minstrel, still nostalgic for late-Minoan Crete and Argos, is satirising the brutal, treacherous, irreligious, unheroic ways of the new Dorianized nobility. A far closer comparison could have been made with the earlier War of the Seven Against Thebes, where the conduct of the fighters is as noble and tragic as in the Mahabharata; the same theme of kinsman pitted against kinsman occurs; the gods play no mischievous part; Evadne commits *suttee*; and Tydeus, like the reckless Bhima, quaffs his enemy's blood. But because the Theban epic has perished Miss Levy feels obliged to dismiss its prose reliques as irrelevant to her theme. Similarly, she compares the Gilgamesh epic with the Odyssey, which is a minstrel romance sung to amuse the ladies of a Sicilian court, rather than an epic chanted by priests as heroic instruction for princes. A closer comparison would have been with the reliques of the lost Hercules epic. Whereas Hercules is heroically generous, truthful, courageous, pig-headed, touchy, and often goes berserk, Odysseus never more than feigns madness, keeps cool always and is a compendium of all the ninth-century thalassocratic vices. Hercules has Iolaus for his beloved comrade, as Gilgamesh has Enkidu. Gilgamesh is undone by his love of Ishtar, Hercules by his love of Deianeira. Both are of divine parentage; both harrow Hell; both kill lions and overcome bulls, and when sailing to the Western Isle Hercules, like Gilgamesh, uses his garment for a sail. Hercules finds the magic herb of immortality, as Gilgamesh does; and is similarly connected with the progress of the sun around the Zodiac. Yet Miss Levy denies that Hercules is an epic figure and, though remarking on the Odyssey's obscene treatment of the sacred marriage—Hera's plot with Aphrodite for the seduction of Zeus, and Aphrodite's misadventure with Ares under the net—does not remind us that he was so true to her main theme that he married Hebe after dying ritually on a mountain and being reborn and immortalised. Professor George Thomson has convincingly equated Hebe with the Goddess Hepatu; but Miss Levy would have found it confusing, perhaps, to admit that Adam, Hercules, Aaron and Aruwanda I of Hattasus all enjoyed the same divine bride.

ROBERT GRAVES

Fritz Busch

Pages from a Musician's Life

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Illustrated 224 pp. 18s.

The Hogarth Press

NOTHING NEW ON THE AUGUSTANS

English Literature of the Eighteenth Century. By R. C. CHURCHILL. *University Tutorial Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

I am going to object to this book as firmly as possible, and that for the stuffiest of reasons: it is just not learned enough. The bibliography betrays it. In recent years there have appeared three substantial volumes of essays on eighteenth-century literature presented to distinguished scholars in this field, one, *Essays on the Eighteenth Century*, presented to David Nichol Smith, one, *Pope and his Contemporaries*, presented to George Sherburn, and a third, *The Age of Johnson*, presented to C. B. Tinker. A fourth, entitled *The Seventeenth Century* but containing much material on the Augustan age, was presented to R. F. Jones. There are others, but these come to mind. Mr. Churchill lists none of them. Nor does he notice Northrop Frye's *Fearful Symmetry*, Marjorie Nicholson's *Newton demands the Muse*, A. D. McKillop's *Background of Thomson's Seasons*, Christopher Hussey's *The Picturesque*, Wimsatt's *Prose Style of Samuel Johnson*, the same author's *Philosophic Words*, or Kenneth Maclean's book on the literary influence of Locke. This is no parade of pedantry on my part. Every one of these books is or includes something better than academic hack-work, a weighty presentation of new information, involving a more or less radical reorientation to whole large bodies of eighteenth-century writing. Mr. Churchill knows none of them. If he had known the work of R. F. Jones, he would not have supposed that Swift was alone in his day in resenting the pretensions of the natural scientists. If he had read C. S. Lewis's essay on Addison in the volume presented to Professor Nichol Smith, he would not have given an account of the Coverley papers which ignores the pro-Whig satirical bias in them.

Even more surprising perhaps, he seems not to know William Empson's essay on *The Beggar's Opera*, nor Douglas Jefferson's on Sterne, nor Ian Watt's and Arnold Kettle's essays on "the imperialist myth" in *Robinson Crusoe*. He knows J. M. Murry's essay on Collins, but not apparently his essay on Smart—or he would not have ignored all the poetry Smart wrote while he was sane. He knows nothing of how precise and far-reaching was Hogarth's influence on Fielding—or he would not have thought "comic epic in prose" a "long-winded expression." He comments on "*Boswell's Column* (1951), the first collection in book form of his contributions to the London Magazine from 1777 to 1783", whereas in fact this edition is a bald reproduction of the text of *The Hypochondriack* as edited by Dr. Margery Bailey in 1928—and if he had read that splendid edition, with Dr. Bailey's full and fascinating, always relevant notes, he would not have dismissed this side of Boswell with a bare mention.

It can be said that a publication of this sort does not aim to present original scholarship (though Mr. Churchill's doughty Preface suggests no such modesty), but it is all the more necessary that the writer should be up to date in acknowledging advances made by others. That is what students look for in such works; they certainly don't get it from Mr. Churchill. His book could have been written twenty years ago, and would have been reprehensible then:

> Cowper—as some tearful quotations have already shown—also has a connection with the contemporary cult of sensibility. In Jane Austen's *Sense and Sensibility*, Cowper's poetry is among the favourite reading of Marianne Dashwood, a girl of seventeen to whom ruined castles and falling leaves are provocative of the most tender emotions.

This is Mr. Churchill's comment on the man who wrote *On the Death of Mrs. Throckmorton's Bullfinch*, where the poet projects his own appalling metaphysical predicament in the story of the caged bird whose cage was no defence against the marauding rat, and all in a weird impeccably sustained tone of frantic hard hilarity. As for Marianne Dashwood, Cowper was the favourite reading not only of Marianne but of Marianne's far from sentimental creator, and the point made in *Sense and Sensibility* is that Marianne reads him in the wrong way—a point brought out fully and subtly by Miss Mary Lascelles years ago. After this it is hardly surprising to be told that "the destined wretch of *The Castaway* is less Alexander Selkirk than Cowper himself" (how *could* it be Selkirk?) and that *Truth* is for Mr. Churchill, incredibly, a satire.

The best part of Mr. Churchill's book, apart from some pages of common sense about *Gulliver's Travels*, is his Preface, in which he justifies literary history as such. One may agree with him that literary history is as necessary as ever it was; but his own book, unfortunately, represents the genre at its worst.

DONALD DAVIE

PARTY POLITICS

The Party System in Great Britain. By IVOR BULMER-THOMAS. *Phoenix House.* 25*s.*

Parliamentary institutions, public administration and, more recently, the electoral system, have all been anatomised *ad nauseam*. But, apart from the work of Ostrogorsky and Michels, very little has been written about party machines. I opened *The Party System in Great Britain*, therefore, with the keenest anticipation. Mr. Bulmer-Thomas (he was Ivor Thomas before he crossed the floor) has almost unique qualifications for dealing with the subject. He has studied politics from a vantage point in Fleet Street, as a Labour back-bencher, as a junior Minister, then, fleetingly, as an Independent in Parliament, and now as a Conservative candidate. At last one could hope for a first-hand account of what really happens inside the two main parties, and what function they fulfil in a modern democracy.

Alas! these hopes have not been fulfilled. *The Party System in Great Britain* is a bulky volume, but it only skims the surface of its theme. The historical section is a re-hash of well-known sources and, in dealing with the present state of the parties, Mr. Thomas has been content to collect the information in the official handbooks and to intersperse it with a few personal anecdotes. He tells us about the formal structure of the Labour and Tory parties, but virtually nothing of how they live and move and have their being.

Nevertheless, a few interesting features emerge. Attempting to analyse the social make-up of the two parties, Mr. Thomas quotes Gallup statistics which indicate that, though only 40% of Conservative voters are middle-class or well-to-do, Labour, with a 91% workers' vote, is still *the* working-class party. Yet Mr. Thomas correctly observes that, as a result of the reforms carried out by Mr. Butler while in opposition, a young man with no money has a much better chance of being selected for a winnable constituency if he is a Tory than if he is a Socialist. Since the war the buying of safe Tory seats has been stopped, whereas safe Labour constituencies still go far more often than not to a candidate backed by trade union funds or a private income.

Mr. Thomas is also critical of the Labour Party for devolving on its Annual Conference the formulation of policy. He applauds the Conservative tradition that policy should be decided by the Leader and the Annual Conference be kept as a jamboree for deserving supporters; indeed, he asserts that a sensible policy cannot be formulated in the fervid atmosphere of an Annual Conference. It is a pity that Mr. Thomas did not bother to document his case against "party democracy" by analysing the reports of the Labour Party Conference since 1918 and comparing the policies evolved by this mass assembly with the programmes hatched in private conclave by Con-

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servative party leaders. Such a comparison would hardly have justified his preference for the Leadership principle.

When he turns to the conduct of the parties at Westminster, Mr. Thomas stresses the obvious contrast between the well-publicised conflicts of the Parliamentary Labour Party and the discreet decorum of the Conservatives, and rightly suggests that this is partly due to a constitutional difference. The Parliamentary Labour Party, attended by the front bench as of right, formulates policy. When Labour is in power, this policy-making function becomes theoretical; the Cabinet decides, and the party must approve or bring it down. But in opposition the party meeting, like the Annual Conference, is a sovereign body, which selects its front-bench speakers, decides the party line and enforces discipline. As a result, every important difference of opinion tends to become a clash between the orthodox leadership, supported by the Whips, and an organised minority opinion. This cannot happen on the Conservative side because the Leader, not the parliamentary party, makes policy. True, the back-benchers, under the name of the 1922 Committee, hold unofficial meetings which members of the Cabinet or shadow Cabinet attend only by invitation. But this Committee by its constitution can only proffer advice and blow off steam.

But this means not that Conservatism is proof against splits but that its Leadership principle drives conflict underground, whereas the Labour Party's constitution makes it overt. Indeed, this conflict between personalities, whose ambitions become identified with specific causes, is what prevents party discipline from ossifying into party tyranny. So long as Parliament remained sovereign and the party machines weak, the dynamic of democracy was the public struggle between the parties. But when power passed to the Cabinet and the Civil Service, the secret discussions and conflicts inside the parties become more and more important. Since 1940 power has been concentrated still further. Cabinet Government has virtually disappeared; in its place we have government by a Prime Minister, advised by a small inner Cabinet, while the rest of the Ministers look after their departments without knowing what is going on above their heads. In such a system what matters is who controls the party machine. Today the future of Conservatism and Socialism depends almost entirely on the outcome of the struggle for the succession to Mr. Attlee and Sir Winston Churchill.

Mr. Thomas resents the growth of party discipline and pleads that the Whip should only be used on big occasions. What he fails to see is that the monolithic structure of the modern party is the inevitable consequence of the concentration of power which has been proceeding steadily since the turn of the century. It is not only in Communist states that the grip of the Civil Service and the party machine produces a new type of leader, whose power is derived from the support not of the rank and file but of the bureaucrats. Under totalitarianism there is nothing to check this drift towards managerialism. But in a parliamentary democracy it produces a contrary movement. The machine politician, with his "realistic" policies, is challenged by the tribune of the people, who claims to represent the party conscience and to voice the discontents of the rank and file. In Left-wing parties, this struggle between the bureaucrat and the tribune takes the form of a continuous public debate inside the Parliamentary Party, inside the Unions and constituencies, and once a year at Annual Conference. In the Conservative Party, because it is rarely linked with issues of policy (Mr. Churchill's fight in the 1930s was a rare exception), it is waged much less openly, but with even more vindictiveness. Exactly how was Lloyd George ousted and Bonar Law made Prime Minister? What methods did Mr. Chamberlain and Captain Margesson use to maintain their iron hold during the 1930s? What was Mr. Butler at between 1945 and 1950? To answer these questions might have embarrassed Mr. Thomas in his new career but, by omitting them, he has made his account of the Party system as lifeless as a bowdlerised version of *Ulysses*.

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

A BIOLOGICAL NONCONFORMIST

Trends of Life. By F. WOOD JONES. *Arnold.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Professor Wood Jones is a distinguished zoologist whose fifty years of research have left him nonconformist in almost every field of biological theory. He is a vitalist who holds teleological views; he is a Lamarckian; and he rejects natural selection as the main agency of organic evolution. The reader familiar with the present-day outlook of biologists will therefore be tempted to dismiss *Trends of Life* as merely tiresome or ridiculous. Some, indeed, of the rather hasty and ill-considered judgments of contemporary social trends merit this response. But most of this short book is an expression of considerable erudition in the history of biology and in the diversity of form and function in the animal kingdom. We ought to ask, therefore: is there a complete and satisfying reply to the professor's criticisms of modern biological theory?

On vitalism the answer is relatively easy: a main trend in the history of science has been the rejection of what Newton called "occult qualities" like the "vital force" and all the rest: this trend has helped scientists to attend to the facts and to make pragmatically useful interpretations. Professor Wood Jones tacitly allows this, in advocating no specific principle or entity: he merely expresses a distaste for "materialistic ideals" and for "mechanistic imagery," which he finds an incubus. Historically, however, as he admits, the comparison of living things with machines has been exceedingly fruitful, since it is the basis of much of the science of physiology.

Lamarckism, however, is a really knotty problem: even if, in its original form, it has been swept away by modern genetics, there remain formidable problems in the relationship of the genes to the development of the organism from the egg. Unfortunately, Professor Wood Jones does not face these problems at all. The most interesting of his complaints is on the subject of natural selection. This theory occupies a peculiar position: it has proved a most stimulating and useful basis for the development of an objective, materialist biology, but it is only recently that biologists have begun seriously to work on the question of how the selection process takes place in particular cases. As might be expected, they are finding that in detail the process is exceedingly complicated; but they are also accumulating ample direct evidence that natural selection actually occurs. Thus the reply to Professor Wood Jones does exist, but *Trends of Life*, with all its unconventionality, cannot be dismissed as mere crankiness.

ANTHONY BARNETT

NEW NOVELS

Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse. By PATRICK HAMILTON. *Constable.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

Like Men Betrayed. By JOHN MORTIMER. *Collins.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

The Knotted Cord. By JERZY PIETRKIEWICZ. *Heinemann.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

The Devil That Failed. By MAURICE SAMUEL. *Gollancz.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

In his new novel Mr. Hamilton recounts a further episode in the career of the psychopathic criminal Ernest Ralph Gorse, whom we first met in *The West Pier*; he gives us an almost clinical description of Neville Heathmanship in action. This defines both the fascination of Mr. Hamilton's novel and its limitations. The fascination is that of the seven hundred volumes of the *British Trials* Series: there is the same impressive density of documentation, and the same impressive omniscience after the event.

Mr. Hamilton is the poker-faced connoisseur of the seedily third-rate; he clumps through the spiritual slums of urban man like a plain-clothes

police sergeant, and he has them all taped, the semi-detached villas, the cocktail lounges, the saloon bars and their denizens; so that when Ernest Ralph Gorse meets the colonel's widow, Mrs. Joan Plumleigh-Bruce, among the chromium and phoney oak of The Friar in Reading, everything is set for a complete demonstration of the exploitation of the worthless by the vicious. All this is admirable, and *Mr. Stimpson and Mr. Gorse* may be recommended to every psychopath who is thinking of taking to crime as a textbook of what to do and what not to do.

Yet the book's weakness as a novel is that it is so completely a demonstration. Mr. Hamilton's characters are as dingy a set of people as it is possible to imagine, distinguished only by small-time sordidness, unambitious lusts and mediocre snobberies. They are interesting only because of what is going to happen to them, and that in turn is interesting only because we know that one day Ernest Ralph Gorse is going to hang. And Mr. Hamilton makes no serious attempt to explore them as characters. Had he done so, they might have achieved some sort of dignity; certainly they would have jumped out of their two-dimensional police-photograph flatness. Then, Mr. Hamilton's novel might have had significance beyond fictitious criminology, would have been something more than a substitute for a volume in *Notable British Trials*. But in this book Mr. Hamilton has very cunningly dodged the novelist's real issue by going back to the pre-history of the novel, going back, in fact, to that seventeenth-century literary exercise, the Character. Just as writers like Earle and Fuller wrote the Character of a Hypocrite, of a Miser, of a Fair and Happy Milkmaid and so on, so, in his new novel, Mr. Hamilton gives us Characters of a Snobbish and Frigid Colonel's Widow, a Lecherous Business Man and a Criminal Psychopath. They are, as it were, accretions of generalisations about broad categories—real or otherwise—of human beings, given an illusion of life by Mr. Hamilton's air of knowingness about their haunts and habits; so much so that they sometimes appear almost as the secretions of their circumstances. Challenge the generalisations and the conviction departs. In this novel Mr. Hamilton is the victim of a naive and obsolete theory of types. He has written an entertaining book but not what one had hoped from a writer of his gifts.

It is time a halt was called to titles containing the words "traitor," "treachery" or "betrayal." Mr. Mortimer's novel is the choice of the Book Society, which shows again how unerring is that awesome body's sense of the contemporary: *Like Men Betrayed* is nothing if not the English Novel, Model 1953. It is a highly professional piece of work, but its modishness prevents one from taking it very seriously. Its characters, chilled by cold blasts from Greeneland, brace themselves with a little weak Sartre. In the country, the county families run their feckless riding schools while waiting for their tippling wealthy relations to die. In London, the young man, who has never known security, takes to crime, while his father, the rectitudinous solicitor (yes, as a young man he had wanted to be an artist), prepares to take on his son's guilt and its consequences. Mr. Mortimer, with his deft sketches of the contemporary scene, his "company directors, old Wykehamists who sang together in the Bach Choir," is as much in the know as Mr. Hamilton. In his sourly efficient way he gives us a brisk and vivid reshuffling of the current clichés of fiction. He writes very well except when his desire for the curt image betrays him into meaninglessness: "The American had a face like *sauerkraut* with gold-rimmed spectacles."

The Knotted Cord is presented as the first book in a publishing experiment all will wish well: in the hope of obtaining a wider market for first novels, Heinemann propose to publish a selected number at the now absurdly cheap price of 7s. 6d. They are to be congratulated on their initial choice: *The Knotted Cord* is a work of considerable distinction. Its author, Mr. Jerzy Pietrkiewicz, is a Polish scholar living in London and writing in English. His story, an unusual one, is set in rural Poland of twenty-five years ago. The child Bronek is dedicated by his mother after a difficult birth to St. Anthony, and for three years is dressed in a miniature monk's habit. In the eyes of the villagers he has, as it were, been set aside for sanctity, a fate that makes him the focal point of their religious superstitions, superstitions the odder and more surprising because they happen not to be our own. The novel relates Bronek's struggle towards freedom from the pattern imposed upon him. I think Mr. Pietrkiewicz has not in fact chosen the most interesting way of dealing with his subject; he has used it in order mainly to recreate his strange village world. But this he does most successfully in a limpid, translucent prose. One has no doubt that he has expressed completely one aspect of Polish life as it existed at any rate until 1945.

The narrator of *The Devil That Failed* tells us on the first page that his story is not "science-fiction." He is right: Mr. Samuel belongs to an older and more humane tradition, that in which Wells is the great name, and which, however fantastic the circumstances, was careful to put recognisable human beings at their centre. Mr. Samuel's hero, an introverted American philologist, wakes up to find himself suddenly become a giant incarcerated in a mysterious sanatorium the staff of which talk to one another only in Hungarian. It would be unfair to Mr. Samuel to say more of the plot, which is based most ingeniously on Swift's errors in arithmetic in *Gulliver's Travels*. This is an excellent and highly literate thriller, continuously exciting because of the vividness with which the hero's dilemma and his attempts to adjust himself to his hideously changed situation are displayed.

WALTER ALLEN

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There are two slightly irritating assumptions at the outset of the book; one, that the White Sahibs were scarcely aware of the living dance art of India, and the other that the English did not relate their own dancing to serious things. The English Sword Dance is a sufficient answer to the latter. As for the White Sahibs, I met many I.C.S. men in the years 1921-1925 who were serious students of Indian dance, and again in 1947 English officers were continually explaining various obscure *mudras*. Of five Army officers at a party in New Delhi, three had read many volumes of the Mahabharata.

But these points are tiny, and unimportant, set against the sweep and depth of Beryl de Zoete's appreciation of Southern India. There must be some thousands of people like myself who were fascinated but deeply puzzled as we peered through a locked gate into this paradise of art, unable to enter by reason of our ignorance. We have been given a key, and as far as I know there is no other. There are the famous translations of Hindu technical handbooks to the Dance and the legends (dare we say legends?) which they illuminate, but not another such loving guide. If all art is but to order and express experience together with some sense of an order beyond that expressed, then Southern Indian dance through the eyes and tongue of this author makes Western art seem very young and immature.

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personal, and may perhaps tell the skimmer rather more about the author than her subject, but given the slightest interest in India or in Indian dancing it is a book to possess, not to borrow.

The superbly chosen illustrations are badly displayed in the modern manner. We are now used to ugly margins but could this book not have been given what is now called a "*de luxe* layout"?

FRANCIS DILLON

SHORTER REVIEWS

The Doctor and the Devils. By DYLAN THOMAS. *Dent.* 10s. 6d.

The film-script to be read is an almost untouched form. H. G. Wells found in it possibilities for staccato breadth, and there are bits of Eisenstein that can be enjoyed like a Whitman paean. Hardy might be said to have anticipated, in *The Dynasts*, a poetic-cinematic sweep. Otherwise few have adventured. The gap between popular spectacle and the mind's eye may have seemed too great. Nevertheless there is no inherent reason why a film shouldn't offer as good reading as a play, and in fact Mr. Dylan Thomas's *The Doctor and the Devils* does. His doctor is Dr. Knox, of Edinburgh, and the devils, of course, are Burke and Hare. He has dramatised them more vividly and eloquently than did James Bridie in *The Anatomist*. Under a huge lowering sky the small black figure, with cloak, top-hat, and staff, comes down from a hill overlooking the city, crosses the market place where odds and ends are being cried by the odds and ends of humanity, enters the Academy building where a high appointment awaits him; and so to that traffic between lecturer's amphitheatre and murderer's den with which we are familiar. Mr. Thomas opposes professional wit and hauteur with eloquent horror: quite half the appeal of this script is in the descriptions, which nimbly conjure with words no less than tickle the eye. This is, in effect, a whitewashing of Knox, with a bit of plot involving Knox's assistant and Mary Paterson, the one beauty among the victims. On the page the story carries successfully, even though we may feel that Knox's justification hardly meets the facts. But then he is called here Dr. Rock, and his providers of "subjects" Fallon and Brown.

How far this script, written to be read, would succeed on the screen is another matter. Given a good, sympathetic director, with a taste for horror—say, Mr. Thorold Dickinson or Mr. Robert Hamer—its eloquence could no doubt achieve telling images. If the English cinema were half-awake, it would certainly get a trial. It is a dismal reflection that, in actual film-making, such a talent as Mr. Dylan Thomas's should have been employed on the most menial tasks.

Herodotus, Father of History. By JOHN L. MYRES. *Oxford.* 30s.

At the age of eighty-three Sir John Myres shows no flagging in style or memory and pleads a case as persuasively as ever. The core of this study is an essay on the pattern of Herodotus's composition. It is prefaced by a useful survey of modern research on his History, a reconstruction of his life, and some geographical theory; and for full measure there is a running, or rather skipping, commentary on the text.

It was recently fashionable to interpret the style of a writer in terms of art or music. Connoisseurs of this kind of literary criticism should find here much to admire. Herodotus, it appears, constructed pedimentally with units alternately statical and kinetic, though omissions and expansions have sometimes disturbed the balance. Sir John has the courage of his imagination, and translates two passages (or, if you like, movements) into pedimental sculpture—Pisistratid Athens in Fig. 9 and the Spartan war with Tegea in Fig. 10. Similarly the debt of Herodotus to Attic tragedy is illustrated by the turning of some of his sentences into iambic trimeters, much as sentences of English prose may often be turned into blank verse. The ingenious commentary does not regularly distinguish between conjecture and fact, and its references though up to date are not always complete or accurate. But it is usually provocative. This book is remarkable for the scope of its author's knowledge and enterprise; the reader, too, must have his wits about him.

The Female Form in Painting. By JEAN CASSOU and GEOFFREY GRIGSON. *Thames & Hudson.* 21s.

This is really a picture book with two essays as an introduction. The plates (3 in colour and 64 in black and white) are very well chosen—many of them are details from larger works—and together they form a delightful cavalcade of Eves, courtesans, goddesses, plain naked women and studio models, ranging from Van Eyck to Bonnard. The essays themselves are less satisfactory. Jean Cassou's is elegant but insubstantial—the French equivalent of an after-dinner speech at the Royal Academy Banquet. Geoffrey Grigson's, although it contains many acute observations, lacks any sense of direction, is too haphazard—like a critic's private notebook. Neither attempt any serious analysis of the sexual impetus behind the painting of the nude, nor of the interesting social reasons for changes in the fashion of the Feminine Ideal. Somehow both writers seem frightened of their subject and when Grigson quotes Hazlitt as saying, "Venus is painted fair, with golden locks, but she must not be fair beyond the fairness of women, for the beauty we desire is that of woman," the sentence stands out as a welcome, forthright statement among a host of clever queries.

Nevertheless, one can look at the plates oneself and draw one's own conclusions. Above all, there is the problem of the artist's purpose when painting a nude. Somehow he must strike a balance between visual metaphor and fact. The implications of the metaphor employed will depend upon his period, but such a balance must always be established if he is to avoid sentimental pornography (Boucher), over-idealisation (Bronzino) or banality (Raphael Mengs). For all their differences, it is the quality of this balance which unites Rembrandt with Giorgione, Cranach with Goya, Renoir with Botticelli. Before them all, one admires intense anatomical observation, but at the same time can recall, "Thy navel is like a round goblet which wanteth not liquor: thy belly is like a heap of wheat set about with lilies. Thy two breasts are like two young roes that are twins. Thy neck is as a tower of ivory."

Lesser Worlds. By NESTA PAIN. *Longmans.* 10s. 6d.

"Clutching her telephone wire with a toe, the spider listens with her leg." Thus Fabre, quoted by Miss Nesta Pain, and *Lesser Worlds*—descriptive studies of spider, beetle, solitary wasp and bee, social ant—might be called a discovery of insect character through Fabre. Fascinating again are the revelations. The leaf-cutter bee soars away to make the leaf-cutting which shall exactly fill her nest entrance. Parasitic flies watch the home-building wasp and then attach themselves in a sort of follow-my-leader ballet to the wasp which, unable to shake them off, will at last nurture their maggots. The dung-beetle, after a hazardous journey, settles down to his enormous Christmas pudding in a dining-room which barely leaves room for the diner. The male spider loves and loses. Each of these becomes, with variations of character, an individual: only ants will be met in a crowd, mysteriously briefed. Miss Pain, in fact, so delicately and acutely envisages these subjects that they might be sketches, not from the authorities, but from life.

Readers with previous knowledge and readers with none will find her book almost equally agreeable. It has emerged out of a series of wireless talks, and is best read a section at a time. Then the absence of first-hand detail and the repeated warnings (of the simplest kind) about instinct and intelligence will not obtrude. The latter might indeed have been quietly omitted: half the fun in this kind of enjoyment of insect life consists in human analogies, and the less qualified they are the more their suggestion will carry.

Letters from Graham Robertson. Edited by KERRISON PRESTON. *Hamish Hamilton.* 30s.

Graham Robertson's *Time Was* was an enchantin; book of reminiscences, witty and deftly worked. But admirers must be warned that this collection of his letters is almost entirely lacking in the qualities that "made" *Time Was*. Evidently Robertson had a remarkable capacity for making friends, and this collection will doubtless appeal to them. But to those outside the circle it may appear as a work of unnecessary piety, for the material seldom rises above the level of trivial gossip from the studio and the stage.

A drastic winnowing might have produced a handful of grain, but the editor seems to have left nothing out. What earthly interest could the following—one complete letter—have, and for whom?

> Rather a lovely soft rain to-day. The garden is mopping it up gratefully and now it's a beautiful evening and everything smells delicious.
>
> Hedworth Williamson comes to me for two days next week, but he'll have to sleep at the hotel as all the Sandhills wards are full.

There is oceans of this in the five-hundred-odd packed pages and it is interspersed with too many passages on the level of this: "So they [the Lunts] are very happy and we are having a lovely time. They went to Noel in Kent for the week-end but I think found it a bit tiring as there were other guests." Graham Robertson deserved a better memorial.

George Villiers, Duke of Buckingham. By PHILIPPE ERLANGER. Translated by LIONEL SMITH-GORDON. *Hodder & Stoughton.* 16s.

The short chapter of English history, during which the Duke of Buckingham virtually governed the country as favourite to our two kings, James I and Charles I, makes sorry reading. George Villiers was by nature a flibberty-gibbet, handsome, vivacious and amiable, but at the same time foolish, impulsive and totally irresponsible. His only consistent policy was to exalt himself at all costs, his diplomacy was unpredictable but invariably bungling, his handling of Parliament disastrous, and as a military leader he proved to be quite incompetent. M. Erlanger is convinced that he had a sort of flamboyant charm, yet in fact the charm only seemed to work on Stuart kings: foreigners like Richelieu and the Spaniard Olivares were left unmoved, and the English Puritans frankly detested him.

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In such a character it is difficult to detect any guiding principle beyond vanity and love of power. M. Erlanger takes a more generous view; and after studying the documents available in France as well as those in England he concludes that Buckingham actually fell in love. *Bouquinquant* (as the French pronounced the name) *et l'amour!* Naturally this does not refer to the equivocal relationship with the doting James I, who nicknamed his beloved "Steenie" (from a fancied resemblance to a picture of St. Stephen) and addressed him as "my sweet child and wife." M. Erlanger suggests that the object of Buckingham's true passion was Anne of Austria, wife of Louis XIII, whom he met on a visit to Paris in connection with Charles I's marriage to Henrietta Maria, and whom he tried to seduce in a garden after his usual impulsive fashion. According to this theory Buckingham believed that his ardent feelings were reciprocated, and thereafter directed the foreign policy of England with the sole object of regaining access to this forbidden fruit. How well M. Erlanger substantiates his bold proposition must be left to readers of the book to decide for themselves on the evidence he adduces. But the introduction of such a romantic theme has had a deleterious effect on the author's style, which in places is more reminiscent of an historical novel by Dumas than of serious biography.

Week-end Competitions

No. 1,218

Set by Daniel George

Nietzsche's list of "Impossible People" included the following: *Seneca*, or the toreador of virtue; *Dante*, or the hyaena that writes poetry in tombs; *Victor Hugo*, or the lighthouse in the sea of nonsense; *Carlyle*, or pessimism after indigestion; *John Stuart Mill*, or offensive lucidity. Competitors should submit a list of their own six "Impossible People" (sparing the living, of course) with tags on the model of Nietzsche's. Entries by July 7.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 1,215

Set by J. B. Roderic

The usual prizes are offered for an extract from a poem on *London, June*, 1953, in the style of any poet (*e.g.* Dunbar, Dryden, Johnson, Blake, James Thomson, Bridges) who has celebrated London.

Report by J. B. Roderic

An entry of very high standard revealed more London poets than the setter had considered, from Lydgate onwards: and nearly all competitors successfully hit off their model's point of view as well at his tone of voice. Frank Dunnill's Donne opened powerfully:

> Giddie old painted wretch, fond natured whore,
> Fantastically deckt, behind, before,
> With flags and sodden plumes that dripping lye
> On thy swart Ethiope's breast. . .

Stanley J. Sharpless made a promising Betjeman beginning:

> Clutching Cheap Returns from Pinner,
> Wide-eyed down the milling Mall,
> Drinking-in the decorations,
> Drift Pam and her office pal.

Real feeling came through the pastiches, in both directions—on the one side, for instance, Leonard Katan's full-blooded Dryden with the neat inversion:

> Now Nelson seems to leave his lofty place
> To join his later peers
> In loyal ardent cheers,
> For Majesty in harmony with grace.
> Happy, happy, see them wave!
> None but the fair
> None but the fair
> None but the fair deserves the brave!

and, on the other, Margaret McKnight's Blake (from Glasgow) which ended:

> . . . How such gaudy feudal tricks
> Mock the patriot whose lot
> Is one room shared with other six.

Honourable mention to them, to Eric Swainson for his title "A Little Boy Caged" and opening lines:

> They cloth'd the Little Boy in gilt,
> Who often heard the Harlot shrick . . .

Company Meetings

IMPERIAL CHEMICAL INDUSTRIES

THE NATIONALISATION THREAT

The twenty-sixth annual general meeting of Imperial Chemical Industries, Limited, was held on June 18, in London.

Mr. J. Rogers, O.B.E., LL.D., chairman, in the course of his speech, said:—

Your directors remain alive to the importance of adapting the company's operations and organisation to meet changing conditions. Your company's activities range widely over the chemical field and indeed are not confined to that field, embracing as they do, for example, non-ferrous metals, "Lightning" fasteners, paints, leathercloth, and some semi-fabricated plastic materials. Its products are numbered in thousands and they are supplied to many industries. The organisational problems that confront your company are therefore much more complex than those experienced by undertakings concerned with the manufacture of one or two main products.

Your company's research and development work is directed towards improving its existing manufacturing processes, developing new processes, developing new uses for its existing products, and to discovering new products and creating markets for them. On this work of research and development we are now spending at the rate of about £7,500,000 a year. Today we are making many products which were unknown before the war, and some of our methods of producing our older and more traditional products are very different and much more efficient than they were before the war. We can expect our new products to contribute an increasing proportion of the company's profits.

CHANGE AND DEVELOPMENT

This process of change and development must go on if the company is to remain vigorous and prosperous, for the chemical industry still has great possibilities for expansion, and in expanding it can contribute much to the national economy. Such expansion calls for more, not less, research and development and this work must be well inspired and well led. Not every research results in a new product or a better process, and it may take seven to ten years or even longer to pass from the first research result to commercial production.

Your company manufactures in many overseas countries in most cases in association with nationals of the countries concerned, and, as our annual reports have clearly shown, our export trade is world wide. Its overseas interests are comparable in size and importance with the interests it has in the United Kingdom and are even more complex.

Here at home your company has maintained all its productive plants at a high level of technical efficiency, and we are constantly striving to improve our manufacturing processes. We are in the forefront in the study and application of modern methods of increasing productivity, and we are now giving our knowledge and experience in this field freely to British industry in general.

The steadily improving efficiency of your company's operations means lower costs of production, and these lower costs are reflected in the selling prices of our products. We have had to advance the selling prices of many of our products in recent years because of increasing costs of raw materials and rising wages and salaries, but we have been able to offset these cost increases to a considerable extent by savings resulting from improved methods and increased efficiency. As a result, our prices are, in general, lower than those ruling in America and in Europe.

You will remember that four years ago Lord McGowan told you that the whole Board of I.C.I. took the view that your company is not an appropriate subject for nationalisation. That remains the view of your Board today, in whatever form State ownership is suggested. Lord McGowan also said that the Board would take all proper steps to oppose the nationalisation of your company if the attempt were ever made. Let me renew that assurance. You will, I am sure, agree that it would be contrary not only to the interests of the stockholders and of those employed by your company but also to the interests of the country as a whole for I.C.I. to come under any form of State ownership.

"CHALLENGE TO BRITAIN"

I have just read the Labour Party's pamphlet called "Challenge to Britain." There is nothing in that document to cause me to change my view that any form of State ownership would be extremely detrimental.

The main reason given in the pamphlet for this programme of public ownership is that chemical production must expand to keep pace with the enlarged requirements of other basic industries. Of course chemical production must expand, and this is exactly what has taken place in the Industry as a result of the enterprise shown by those in it. My speech today emphasises the expansionist policy which I.C.I. has consistently pursued. I.C.I. is meeting every demand for chemical materials made upon it in the United Kingdom, and the average level of prices is lower than that in the U.S.A. and Europe. In addition its exports have increased very substantially in volume and in value since the war and are now running at over £1,000,000 per week. I can say without qualification that no company has a finer record of expansion and enterprise.

Why then should public ownership be suggested as a safeguard against possible shortages, which do not exist, and which will never occur if Private Enterprise is permitted to go ahead? Surely the experience of the State-owned industries is convincing evidence that whatever else may be said about State ownership it is no guarantee that production will keep pace with increasing demand.

I can only hope that those responsible for "Challenge to Britain" will give the whole subject further factual study and that in the long run wiser counsels will prevail.

Improvements in methods of producing our existing products and the reduction of costs go hand in hand with the development of new products. Your directors are also very conscious of the need to keep down the level of overhead expenditure. Special attention is being given to expenditure on central services which is being kept to a minimum consistent with efficiency and progress.

The report was adopted.

TELEPHONE RENTALS LIMITED

ANOTHER SUCCESSFUL YEAR

The 24th annual general meeting of Telephone Rentals Limited was held on June 22 in London Mr. Fred T. Jackson, O.B.E., Comp.I.E.E. (Chairman and Joint Managing Director), presiding.

The following is an extract from his circulated statement:

Once more we have had a very successful year, and the forecast I made at our last general meeting of the profits for the year 1952 has been exceeded. The profit for the year ending December 31, 1952, amounted to £616,886, after charging £58,144 for employees' participation scheme. This shows an increase in gross profit of £151,303 over the year ending December 31, 1951.

The year 1952 for your Company was one of the most difficult in its whole history. The restriction on bank loans, and the refusal of the C.I.C. in the early part of the year to grant us permission to secure additional capital, brought our expansion programme to a halt, and seriously hampered our activities, and the fact that we ended the year with such excellent results reflects great credit, firstly, upon the staff of all ranks for the excellent way in which they rallied round the Company and performed their work in very trying circumstances, and, secondly, to the Directors, who refused to accept the decision of the C.I.C. and persisted in their efforts until the necessary sanction for a capital issue was given.

Although we are obliged to continue to work in a restricted field, nevertheless I look forward to the continued prosperity of your Company in the current year.

The report was adopted

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DUNBAR

The rois and day-ster of oure Commonweld
This month at Peteris Kirk was coronit,
Quhair dukis and potestatis high padyan held,
Prelatis, and lordis and ladies red and quwit ;
Quhilk to behold the peple lang vigil-kepit,
With schouris wet and cauld as icicle,
Mirry as sterlingis (but ane Critick wepit
For that sche rade nat on any bicycle).

London, the flour of cities all, fro thee
In derknesse flodis of licht new beawties yield :
Thy peple seyne Nelson in apothee
Look doun from air on Mertyn in the field ;
Bright been thy palysis as hevin hill,
Thy stretis with queynte devysis fresche of hew ;
Preclare thy litel god of Piccadil—
Yonge grace new prisonit in ane gildit mew.

rois—rose ; *Peteris Kirk*—the Abbey ; *seyne*—see ; *apothee*—apotheosis ; *mew*—cage.

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BLAKE

Then forth from Hammersmith, from Chelsea and from Lambeth where the bridges are,
From Highgate, Fulham, Blackheath, Loampit Vale and Shepherd's Bush
Came mighty Multitude of Londoners ; their footsteps blotched the pavements.
They guarded their Loins with macerated news papers of the Night and of the Morrow sold that night
Spread on the Length and Bredth and Highth of them, concealing innocently their Nakedness,
While they beguiled the hours with Liloh, song and sandwiches : Victims preparing for their Sacrifice.
All night they waited sodden but undiminish'd in their Chearfulness till morning brake.
Then awoke Gog and Magog, the Abstract Horrors, rubbing their eyes, and thus
Gog spoke to Magog, " Brother, behold and harken, far percieve
To Westminster wending a wide riband of red-blooded Stalwarts ; in the rear
A golden Coach, swaying in clumsy Dignity,
Infolding in its heart a glistning Pearl of Queenly Slenderness."
But Magog answer'd, staring moodily, " Here in the City are we Kings,
Ruling and serving merchants stiff as Swords of State or fat as butter'd Moneybags,
Whose Blood is golden and if drain'd away is counted
Drop by precious Drop :
and now the Drain is on."
Then Gog and Magog smote their anvil-breasts with hammer-fists, wofully weeping in Unison. . . .

JENNY FETHERSTONHAUGH

BYRON

Perhaps because the city's somewhat dirty
Or for some other reason (I have been
Out of the place since I was less than thirty,
And so am hardly *au fait* with the scene),
They've made the grim old slut look highly flirty
With coloured rags that somehow seem to lean
(Though I confess I'm rather blind to hue)
Towards a lot of red and white and blue.

I'm credulous, I know : but what's the source
Of this wild story that is going round,
Which says the crowds and all the shouting hoarse
And all the cheering (an unlikely sound
For *such* occasions) comes about because
Another English monarch has been crowned ?
I may be out-of-date, and rather scurvy :
But can the world have got so topsy-turvy ?

EDWARD BLISHEN

T. S. ELIOT

Unreal city,
Under the grey fog of a summer dawn,
An Empire, and several notable collaterals,
Gather into a confined space to wave flags.
Voici le 22e Régiment,
And there are the Boy Scouts, and a detachment
Of Fiji Islanders, inadequately clad
A soldier's life is terrible hard
And the horses (Look !), past the ephemeral
Massiveness of stands marching, marching.
The rain it raineth every day.
Pinza gallops home at five to one
In the ironic, unrepeatable sun.
The Times a laissé son manteau
With an article by Dermot Morrah.
Tantarararararara.

R. E. LONGRIGG

CHESS : Unfathomable Ruy

No. 195

We may do well to remember—as we did some time last year—that the famous Ruy knew next to nothing about the Lopez. That 16th-century Spaniard merely gave his name to a chess opening which, in turn, gave him immortality ; but it was 300 years after his death that a few decades of intense and world-wide analysis began to discover the immense possibilities of that opening. There are those, of course, who say that the present predilection for Q pawn systems and the Sicilian will relegate the Ruy Lopez to the state of a faded favourite, definitely *passé*. I doubt it, and I am glad that our own game *Non-Londoners v. Londoners* happened to drift into a Lopez by the majority decision of those readers who avail themselves of their democratic right to influence decisions. True, it wasn't a large majority of Non-Londoners that ruled for (1) P-K4, and an even narrower one of Londoners to rule out a Sicilian, a French, or a Caro-Kann. But once we were set for a Lopez, an obviously determined (though never large) majority of Londoners has steered into the highly dangerous, but certainly not uncharted, waters of Marshall's counter-attack.

(1) P-K4	P-K4	(5) 0-0	B-K2
(2) Kt-KB3	Kt-QB3	(6) R-K1	P-QKt4
(3) B-Kt5	P-QR3	(7) B-Kt3	0-0
(4) B-R4	Kt-B3	(8) P-B3	P-Q4

This daring and highly controversial counter-gambit has been subjected to a good deal of very recent analysis on the Continent, particularly in the U.S.S.R. But far be it from me to breathe a word about it, so long as the matter is *sub judice* here. Let the Londoners (who have certainly asked for trouble) fight it out against the Non-Londoners. I am strictly neutral, and I will merely arrogate to myself the right of decision in the improbable case of equal votes for one move or another. I will merely say this that Marshall first sprang his surprise in a famous game against Capablanca who, most ingeniously, managed to weather the storm and to turn the tables. That was in 1918, still in the heyday of the Lopez which for many years had been considered to give White an almost unfairly consistent advantage. At one time it was actually suggested to change the rules by giving Black the extra opening move of P-QR3, unless White undertook himself to open (1) P-QR3. Thus the Lopez was to be either avoided altogether, or the sting taken out of it by depriving White of the precious tempo, supposed to make that opening so irresistible. More next week about the real or imaginary blessings of that tempo.

A : M. Liburkin 1951

This week's 4-pointer for beginners is not quite as easy as usual. It is one of its famous composer's more frivolous studies, and I had better give the useful hint that White can force stalemate in three moves. **B**—White to win—is an instructive endgame study, not too difficult for 6 ladder-points. But **C**—White to win—is rather subtle and hardly overrated with 7 points.

B : J. Behting 1913

C : W. Platov 1951

Usual prizes. Entries by July 6.

REPORT ON COMPETITION

Set June 6

A : (1) Kt-Kt6 ch, Q x Kt. (2) Q x P ch, K x Q. (3) P-Q8(Kt) etc.

B : (1) K-R8, P-B4. (2) P-Kt6, P-B5. (3) P-Kt7, P-B6. (4) P-Kt8 (B), P-Kt4. (5) P-R7, P-R4. (6) Kt-Q4, P-Kt5. (7) Kt-B5, P-Kt6. (8) Kt-R6, P-R5. (9) R x BP, K x R. (10) Q-Q4ch, K x Q. (11) Q-K3 ch, K x Q mate.

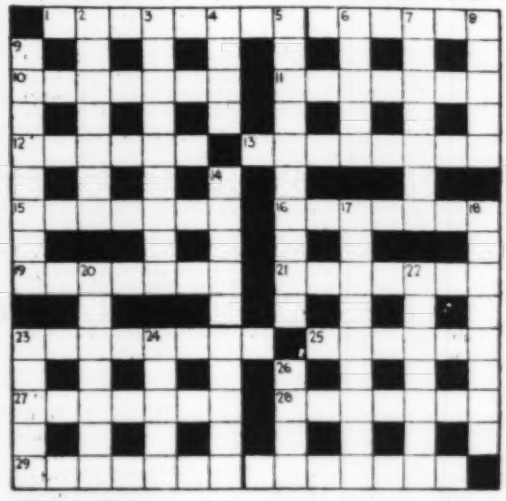
C : (1) B-Q7 ch, K x P. (2) B-Q6 ch, K-R7. (3) B-K6 ch, K-R8. (4) P x Kt, P queens ch. (5) K x Q, R x P. (6) K-K2.

No bye-election will be required in Oldham West. For several competitors have declared their intention not to shoot Leslie Hale, even though there is a dual solution by means of the QB mating the K immured on h7. Moreover, C. Allen (who shares the prizes with E. Allan, E. A. Barclay-Smith and C. Sandberg) has observed that the Black pawns must have made at least ten captures, and what with eight White pieces still on the board the sad conclusion is that, like so many pretty and alluring things, the study is illegal and mustn't rank in the ladder. *Non-Londoners' 9th move* P x P. *Londoners 9th due on July 1.*

ASSIAC

Week-end Crossword No. 54

Prizes: Three book tokens of 10s. 6d. for the first correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 54, N.S. & N., Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1, by first post on 7th July.



ACROSS

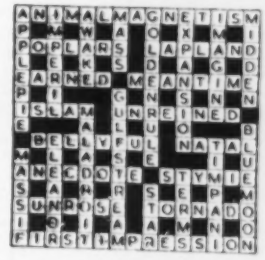
1. Grammatical death? (8, 6).
10. More approximate score? (7).
11. The original Scot was an inventor (7).
12. Put a little on one side; its prospect is well known (6).
13. Cats play (8).
15. Something to impress like eastern trees (7).
16. This creature is a knave and a fool (7).
19. The poet is to write surrounded by returning communists (7).
21. Make the company greet the train (7).
23. Left when one drinks out of a slipper? (8).
25. The price of liberty (6).
27. Prince of the theatre (7).
28. Poetry in the vessel of war (7).
29. Toy weapons may give us a break (7, 7).

DOWN

2. Those who are true die learned (7).
3. Furniture for the directors of the team (9).
4. Man without an average (4).
5. Feller with wood and something else from the game (10).
6. Cuts, but caught in covering up (5).
7. Hoosier state (7).
8. Forms of protection a member may have a chat about (5).
9. Vehicles for the discontented (8).
14. Liberal kind of policy? (5, 5).
17. The flower of riding people? (9).
18. Performance of naval or cooking vessel (8).
20. Ruler or voter (7).
22. He worked on day and night (7).
23. Her beauty was likened to Nicaean barks (5).
24. Material you French measure up (5).
26. Thanks for the account of what happened (4).

SET-SQUARE

Solution to No. 52



PRIZEWINNERS TO No. 52

I. W. Macpherson (Ankara), J. R. Murton (Norwich), Mrs. D. Hickie (Paco D'Arcos, Portugal).

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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HOTEL Windsor, Bld. Verdun, Dieppe (facing sea), offers comfortable accom., good food, at reas. rates for week-ends or holiday periods. Also at Clos Normand, Martin Eglise, where excellent free trout fishing is available. Marcel Lambert, Proprietor.

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WHERE TO STAY, etc.—continued

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"HEALTHY Childhood" by Jessie R. Thomson. "Commonsense and sincerity"—A. S. Neill. "Can be unreservedly recommended."—Daily Mail. By post 8s. from the Kingston Clinic, Edinburgh, 9.

"KENYA," a well-documented history by Dr. Richard Pankhurst, serialising in "New Times and Ethiopia News"; order from 3 Charteris Road, Woodford Green, Essex, 3s. 10d. post free for 13 weeks, or from Smith's bookstalls, etc.

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APPOINTMENTS VACANT

The engagement of persons answering these advertisements must be made through a Local Office of the Ministry of Labour or a Scheduled Employment Agency if the applicant is a man aged 18-64 inclusive or a woman aged 18-59 inclusive unless he or she, or the employment, is excepted from the provisions of the Notification of Vacancies Order, 1952.

UNIVERSITY of Sydney, Australia. Applications are invited for the position of Lecturer/Senior Lecturer in English. Applicants should have special qualifications in Old and Middle English and in English Language. The salary for a Lecturer is in the range of £650-£1,000 (Australian) per annum, for a Senior Lecturer £1,050-£1,800 (Australian) per annum, plus cost of living adjustment (at 1/5/53, £247 males, £187 females) with annual increments of £50. The salary is subject to deductions under the State Superannuation Act. The commencing salary will be fixed according to qualifications and experience. The successful candidate will be required to take up duties as soon as practicable. Applications, supported by copies of testimonials and giving the names of three referees should be forwarded to reach the undersigned not later than July 31, 1953. In addition, overseas candidates are requested to forward a copy of the application to The Secretary of the Association of Universities of the British Commonwealth, 5 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1, from whom further information may be obtained. W. H. Maze, Registrar, University of Sydney, N.S.W., Australia.

PROVINCE of the Transvaal, South Africa — Primary and Secondary Schools. Any teachers, men or women, especially Science and Mathematics teachers, desiring to come to the Transvaal, South Africa, should write giving full details of age, education, qualifications, present post, and stating whether assisted passage is desired, to J. S. Fotheringham, Chairman, English Speaking High Schools Committee of the Transvaal, c/o King Edward VII School, Louis Botha Avenue, Yeovil, Johannesburg.

THE London School of Economics and Political Science (University of London). Applications are invited for appointment in October, 1953, to an Assistant Lectureship in the Department of Politics and Public Administration. Candidates should preferably have special knowledge of Comparative Government. Salary scale £500-50-£600 per annum, with superannuation benefits and family allowances. In assessing the starting salary due consideration will be given to age and experience. Applications, with the names of 3 referees, should be forwarded not later than July 9, 1953, to the Secretary, London School of Economics and Political Science, Houghton Street, Aldwych, W.C.2, from whom further partics. may be obtained.

WILMSLOW Guild—A Centre for Adult Education. Applications are invited for the post of Warden (man or woman), duties to commence in the autumn term. Previous experience advantageous but not as essential as sense of leadership and general organising ability in academic and recreational curricula. Ability to lecture is a supplementary recommendation. The post, eligible for teachers' superannuation, has commencing salary from £450-£550 according to academic and other qualifications. Small modern house available at moderate rent if req. Full partics. and names of 3 refs. to Hon. Sec., Mrs. B. Ames, 14 Hawthorn Grove, Wilmslow, Cheshire.

NATIONAL College for Heating, Ventilating, Refrigeration and Fan Engineering. Appointment of Librarian. The Board of Governors invite applications for the post of Technical Librarian at the College to take up duties in August next. Candidates should either have a University degree in engineering or physics or be Chartered Librarians and have had experience of technical libraries. In addition to taking charge of the library the person appointed will be required to classify technical information from sources outside the College and to prepare at regular intervals a bulletin of abstracts from current technical literature. The post is superannuable and the salary payable will be in accordance with the scale £400 per annum, rising by annual increments of £25 to a maximum of £580. The candidate appointed will be placed on a point on this scale appropriate to his or her qualifications and experience. Application forms and further particulars may be obtained by sending a stamped addressed foolscap envelope to Fredk. J. Packer, Clerk to the Governors, Borough Polytechnic, Borough Road, London, S.E.1.

COLEG Harlech. Applications invited for Assistant Tutorship (for man or woman) in Philosophy and Psychology; duties commencing at the end of September. Knowledge of Welsh essential. Particulars from the Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth.

WORKERS' Educational Association, East Midland District. Applications are invited for the post, which will be vacant on September 1, of tutor organiser for South Lindsey. Applications should be graduates with a degree in a subject(s) appropriate to adult education. Salary scale £450 × £25 - £700. The starting salary may be higher than the minimum. Forms and particulars from: J. T. Rhodes, District Secretary, 16 Shakespeare Street, Nottingham.

WOMAN Chemistry Graduate required end July for permanent full-time or part-time work. W.1. Write Box 210.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

SENIOR Scientific Officers, Scientific Officers; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for permanent and pensionable appointments to be filled by competitive interview during 1953. Interviews will continue throughout the year, but a closing date for the receipt of applications earlier than December, 1953, may eventually be announced. The Scientific posts are in various Government Departments and cover a wide range of Scientific research and development in most of the major fields of fundamental and applied science; in Biology the number of vacancies is small. The Patent posts are in the Patent Office (Board of Trade), Admiralty and Ministry of Supply. Candidates must have obtained a university degree with first or second class honours in an appropriate scientific subject (including engineering or in Mathematics, or an equivalent qualification, or for Scientific posts, possess high professional attainments. Candidates for Senior Scientific Officer posts must in addition have had at least three years' post-graduate or other approved experience. Candidates for Scientific Officer and Patent posts taking their degrees in 1953 may be admitted to compete before the result of their degree examination is known. Age Limits: Senior Scientific Officers, between 26 and 31; for Scientific Officers and Patent Classes, between 21 and 28 during 1953 (up to 31 for permanent members of the Experimental Officer class competing as Scientific Officers). London Salary Scales: Senior Scientific Officers (men) £812-£1,022, (women) £681-£917; Scientific Officers (men) £440-£707, (women) £440-£576; Patent Examiner and Patent Officer Classes (men) £440-£655, (women) £440-£576. Somewhat lower rates in the provinces. Further particulars from the Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S.53/53 for Senior Scientific Officers, S.52/53–S.128/53 for other posts.

AMENDED. — Experimental Officers and Assistant Experimental Officers in various Government Departments. The Civil Service Commissioners invite applications for pensionable posts. Applications may be accepted up to December 31, 1953, but an earlier closing date may be announced either for the competition as a whole or in one or more subjects. Interviews will generally be held shortly after the receipt of the completed application form. The posts are divided between following main groups and subjects (a) Mathematical and Physical Sciences, (b) Chemistry and Metallurgy, (c) Biological Sciences, (d) Engineering subjects and (e) Miscellaneous (including, e.g., Geology, Library and Technical Information Services). Age Limits For Experimental Officers, at least 26 and under 31 on December 31, 1953; for Assistant Experimental Officers at least 18 and under 28 on December 31, 1953. Extension for regular service in H.M. Forces. Candidates must have at least one of a number of specified qualifications. Examples are Higher School Certificate, General Certificate of Education, Scottish Leaving Certificate, Scottish Universities Preliminary Examination, Northern Ireland Senior Certificate (all in appropriate subjects and at appropriate levels), Higher National Certificate, University degree. Candidates taking their examinations in 1953 may be admitted. Candidates without such qualifications may be admitted exceptionally on evidence of suitable experience. In general a higher standard of qualification will be looked for in the older candidates than in the younger ones. Inclusive London salary scales: Experimental Officer £681—£848 (men) £586—£707 (women). Assistant Experimental Officer £274—£607 (men); £274—£511 (women). Starting pay according to age up to 26. At 18, £274; at 26, £495 (men, £467 (women). Somewhat lower in provinces. Further particulars and application forms from Civil Service Commission, Scientific Branch, Trinidad House, Old Burlington Street, London, W.1, quoting No. S94-98/53. Completed application forms should be returned as soon as possible.

AVONCROFT College Survey. A young man required to carry out a general survey of North Worcestershire. No technical qualifications needed, but tact, good observation and some knowledge of rural problems. The survey will include agricultural conditions, social customs, education, health facilities and co-operative organisations. Applicants should state experience, salary required and if connected with any co-operative or other society. Apply to the Warden, Avoncroft College, Stoke Prior, Bromsgrove, Worcs.

WORKERS' Educational Association, Northern District. Applications invited for post of Organising Tutor. Salary scale £450-£700. Application Form from W.E.A., 51 Grainger St., Newcastle-upon-Tyne, 1. Closing date for applications, July 25, 1953.

CHIGELEY School for Maladjusted Children (Ministry of Educ. No. 405/7000) (50 boys, ages 10-16 years.) Housemaste reqd. Send for application forms & furthr partics. to Headmaster, Chaigeley Schod, Thelwall, Near Warrington, Lancs.

SCHOOL Matron (resident) required for small voluntary Home for difficult children aged 7-12 yrs. Duties of this interesting job include care of health and hygiene of children, sewing, laundry, etc., and charge of catering. Apply within 14 days, giving age and experience to: Warden, Ponds, Seer Green, Nr. Beaconsfield, Bucks.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

B.B.C. requires Documentary Organiser in Television Service to be responsible to Head of Documentaries for all business and programme administrative matters connected with Department's output and in absence of Head of Department to act on his behalf in these fields. Duties include contact with producers on day to day finance and production facility problems, supervision of cost of individual programmes, co-ordinating film sequences, design and supply and wardrobe requirements, routine administrative matters, assistance with correspondence and interviews dealing with programme suggestions or criticisms. Essential qualifications include experience of business administration in theatre or film industry, aptitude for detail and for sympathetic handling of staff, ability to interpret and implement regulations and policy directives. Salary £1,000 (possibly higher if qualifications exceptional) with 5 annual increments to maximum £1,330 per annum. Applications to Appointments Officer, Broadcasting House, London, W.1, marked "D.O.Tel. N. Stm.," within a week. For acknowledgment please enclose stamped addressed envelope.

UNIVERSITY of Durham. Royal Victoria Infirmary and King's College Medical School. Joint Department of Psychological Medicine. Applications are invited for the post of Third Psychiatric Social Worker in the above Department. Candidates should preferably be graduates and must hold a Mental Health Certificate, or other Certificate or Diploma approved by the Association of Psychiatric Social Workers. Interest in Research is desirable and the successful candidate will be expected to share in the supervision of two trainee Psychiatric Social Workers. Salary on University Scale £450-£750 by £25 increments; commencing salary according to experience, F.S.S.U. benefits. Applications, stating qualifications and experience, together with the names of three referees, should be sent not later than July 15, 1953, to the undersigned, from whom further particulars may be obtained. G. R. Hanson, Registrar of King's College.

BRITISH Actors' Equity Association requires Research Officer to undertake research and some general work and negotiation. Salary according to qualifications and experience. Applications, marked "Appointment," to General Secretary, 8 Harley St., W.1.

IN order to pursue a university course Lt.-Col. Read-Collins will shortly resign from the secretaryship of the No Conscription Council. Immediate applications are invited for this part-time post during the period of the present anti-conscription campaign. State qualifications, experience, etc., to T. C. Foley, Chairman, No Conscription Council, Crestfield Street, W.C.1.

BRITISH Committee of World University Service requires Associate Secretary. Salary in range £400-£500. Details from W.U.S., 59 Gloucester Place, W.1.

CASEWORKER, Woman, not under 25, wanted September for general Settlement Work. Apply in writing giving full particulars to Warden, Bishop Creighton House, 378 Lillie Road, London, S.W.6.

ASSISTANT Occupational Therapist (male) required. Candidates should possess a recognised qualification but applications from unqualified Therapists might be considered. National Whitley Council Scale. Established, pensionable, subject to medical examination. Applications, giving full details of age, experience, etc., with names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital for Nervous and Mental Disorders, Southall, Middlesex.

PSYCHIATRIC Social Worker required immediately. Must hold approved Mental Health Certificate. Salary £470 (at age 27) rising to £560 per annum plus London Weighting. Write giving full details of age, experience, qualifications and names of three referees, to Physician Superintendent, St. Bernard's Hospital, Southall, Mddx. Closing date 10 days after the appearance of this advt.

A WOMAN of personality and ability, experienced in negotiating with Social Organisations, required as Public Relations Officer for a new venture in Social Medicine and Family Welfare. Salary about £500 according to qualifications. Further details from Secy., North Kensington Women's Welfare Centre, 12 Telford Road, W.10.

JEWISH Board of Guardians requires capable woman to take charge of small hostel in North London for 14 working girls of good character. Good housekeeper and experience of adolescent girls. Salary £260 per annum. Good accommodation. Apply in writing with full particulars to the Secretary, 127 Middlesex St., Bishopsgate, E.1.

EDITORIAL Assistant required for educational publications of Medical Organisation. Some editoral experience and typing essential. Interesting post for young lady with initiative. London office. Pension scheme. Canteen. Apply Box G.A. 899, 4 Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, E.C.4.

QUALIFIED Infant Trained Teacher required for September term. Private Jewish Day School North-West London. Burnham Scale. Applications to Box 203.

ASSISTANT Secretary, over 21, wanted in September for school in Oxford. Non-resident. Good shorthand/typing, some secretarial experience. Box 168.

TEMPORARY/part-time Sh/typs. Interesting work, by hr./day/week. WHI. 5392.

APPOINTMENTS VACANT—continued

COUNTY Borough of Croydon. Children's Department. Qualified Nursery Nurse required at the Malatis Nursery, 78 St. Augustine's Avenue, South Croydon (for 24 children under 2½ years). Salary scale for 20 years and over, £147 10s. by increments of £12 10s to £460 per annum less £135 for board and lodging. The appointment is pensionable and subject to medical examination. Application (on forms from the Children's Officer, 3 Fell Road, Room 34, Croydon) must be submitted by return of post. E. Taberner, Town Clerk.

BURGESS Hill School, 11 Oak Hill Park, N.W.3 reqs. for next term (1) Housemother, (2) Group & /or Mathematics Teacher, (3) Maintenance Man & Woodwork Teacher. Preference to a couple for two of the posts.

GENERAL Manager. Applications invited for post of General Manager of Unity Theatre. Write 1 Goldington St., N.W.1.

NATIONAL Union of Students requires male assistant for book department, mainly mail order; some experience preferred. Salary about £6 10s. per week. Apply in writing only to Manager, Book Dept., 2 Endsleigh Street, W.C.1.

WANTED: Secretary for Saturday afternoons. Shorthand not necessary but wanted to compose own letters from notes. Apply after 6.30 p.m. HOLborn 8857.

EXPERIENCED Secretaries and Shorthand Typists wanted for permanent posts in London; also for occasional work on our Emergency Staff (£6 10s., 10-5, no Sats.). Dutton's Secretarial Service, 92 Great Russell St., W.C.1. Ring Miss Topham, MUS. 7379.

APPOINTMENTS WANTED

MALE, 27, 4 years in business, interest Art (accomplished draughtsman & painter), L.U. Matric, wants interesting work (pref. part-time, or in school or college), whilst studying degree. Box 9879.

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CAPABLE woman (now London office), seeks work much more natural or wild surroundings. Wide experience inclg. secretarial, household, some social/land work. Interested care of people. V. good refs. Box 279.

WOMAN (31) seeks resident post where child one year welcome. Nursery/Secretarial duties. Experienced both. Refs. Box 241.

SECRETARY, 25, experienced Left-wing politics, seeks interesting job. London or abroad. Fast shorthand-typist; speaks French; drives car. Box 207.

QUALIFIED woman teacher, special experience with backward and difficult children, wants post remedial teaching, part- or full-time. Box 9762.

EXPERIENCED Secretary Accounts (not shorthand) seeks work human/personal interest. Part-time considered. Box 114.

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CORNWALL, North Coast, for someone wanting unspoit country. Attractive house, high sunny sheltered position overlooking sea; 2 sitting-rooms, 3/5 bedrooms, Aga kitchen, bathroom/lav.; ½-acre garden. Freehold. Possession. Approx. £2,900; offers considered. Box 285.

DULWICH. Large house, spacious rooms, beautiful garden with sandpit; well-placed for schools. Ideal for joint occupation two families. Lse. 35 yrs. £2,250 or offer, financial assistance possible. GIP. 0678.

THAXTED area. 2 comf. s.-d. cottages. Barn, main water. Bathrms. Ind. san. Rayburns. Orchard. On ancient green. Suit artist/writer/naturalist. £1,400 offr. Box 9895.

HAMPSTEAD Garden Suburb. Very modern detached house, 3-4 beds., 2 rec. Garage. Near Heath. Not for buyer requiring traditional discomfort. £5,300. SPE. 3108.

COTTAGE in "Wuthering Heights" situation 1,000ft; contour Bowland, Yorks. Access only by footpath/tractor. Superb views. 3 b'rms. Cheap. 5 Sydney Bldgs., Bath.

3 ACRES and a cow? No! But you can be rural in a Somerset village in an old stone farm house. 4 bed., 3 recep., all modern conveniences; ½ acre lovely garden; £3,750 or offer. Apply Mrs. John Watson, 19 Perryfield Road, Crawley, Sussex.

FOR Sale: Chalet Bungalow, Whiteway, Stroud. 1 sit., 2 bed., kit., bath., inside flush lav., main water, oil cooking and lighting. Pleasant surroundings. £900 including furniture. Box 209.

OLD Pub on village green, regrettably delicensed, but with nightingales at bottom of adequate garden. Very quiet, but Cambridge and London equally accessible, if necessary for daily travel. Unspoilt hamlet free from developability. 3/4 bedrooms, all mod. con. Built of old red brick, with tiled roof, recently decorated and in good order. Vacant possession now. For quick sale, freehold, £2,450. Box 202.

SCHOOLS

BRIGHTON, Preston College Kindergarten & Nursery, Preston Rd., Brighton 54282. Children fr. 1 yr. Qual. staff. Planned menus. Holiday boarders welc. Terms mod.

PERSONAL

INDO-Chinese girl sincerely thanks all fifty families who wrote so kindly, and much regrets impossibility personal reply.

ITALIAN graduate young lady wishes stay with progressive family, au pair, London. Offers morning hours housework. Box 302.

FRENCH fem. teacher in Corsica offers hospitality for girl or boy, paying 2,000 frs. a week. Details: Relations, 14 Rue du Garet, Lyon, France.

FRENCH family offers exchange comf. villa Nice, 8 rooms, lge. garden, garage, during August for house in U.K. Dtls.: Relations, 14 Rue du Garet, Lyon, France.

IRISH girl, 17½, seeks job with French or Russian-speaking family. July-August. Domestic or secretarial. Lisa Simms, 3, Vergemount, Clonskea, Dublin.

ITALIAN lady would exchange hospitality summer months, one/two teachers/students, Rome or Genoa-Nervi. Professoressa Bentazzi, via Francesco Daverio, 14, Rome.

WIDOW offers home in Cotswold cottage in September to craftswoman/gardener; vegetarian preferred. Foreigner welcomed. Martin-Jones, St. Francis, Amberley, Glos.

SELF-contained furn. flat comprising bed/sit., kit./din., bath/W.C. W.8. Available Aug./Sept. in exchange full-time services mother's help. Reasonable rent for part-time help. Box 315.

ACTIVE middle-aged couple seek similar for Tours, Outings, Holidays; share expense. Green, 37a, Byrne Rd., S.W.12.

2 car seats vac. Newhaven to S. France July 27 rtn. Aug. 21. Share exp. Box 250.

MAJORCA. July vacancies, 4gns. wk.; Mrs. Friend, Casita Londres, Soller.

HOL. job. poss. abroad reqd. by music student fond of children; trained nurse, kndge. German. Pocket money. Box 193.

BREAK for Parents: While you relax on that well-earned holiday, your children can be cared for in a happy, country home. Qualified Matron. Moderate terms. Write Secretary, "Orchards," The Children's Hotel, Tadworth, Surrey.

PRIVATE Tours to San Sebastian (Spain) & Finhaut (Swiss Alps). A few cancelled bookings avail. July & Aug. Write 115b Manor Drive North, N/Malden, Sy.

COACH required English/Arithmetic, boy aged ten. Golders Green. Box 183.

HOLIDAYS worth while. "Able Boys" (8th year): sailing on the Broads for boys over 12 (newcomers 12-14), living aboard. Waterboys: canoeing and swimming camp for boys 10-14, beside the upper Thames. Booklets from R. R. Skemp, M.A. (Oxon), 41 Bartlemas Road, Oxford.

ALREADY existing literary journal of good name requires backer in order to publish novels. Would mean share in business. Write Box 16.

ITALIAN School of Singing: Maria Santi (former R. Opera House, Rome-Prof. R. Academy of Music, Milan; B.B.C.) seeks two outstanding voices (male or female) to be trained for Opera or Concert. West End studio. Terms by arrangement. For auditions write: Sec., 44 Westbere Rd., N.W.2.

FLORENCE with Perugia & Rome, or Ravenna & Venice, Aug. 14 to 28. High-class accommodation & food. Conducted party. Great opportunity for those interested in art & architecture. £37. Write E.T.A. Tours, 357 Strand, London, W.C.2.

NEWLANDS, Reg. Nursing Home, Langley Hill, King's Langley, Herts. Tel. K.L. 2519/3333. For med., post-operative & convalescent patients. Reduced terms prof. people.

WRITE for Profit in Spare Time. The Ideal Hobby. Send 2½d. stamp for "Subjects that Sell Today" (a special bulletin) and informative prospectus. Regent Institute (D/191), Palace Gate, London, W.8.

KINGSTON Clinic, Edinburgh, 9. "The home of modern Nature Cure." Illustrated brochure gladly sent on request.

FOREST School Camps. Enterprising camps August for boys and girls 12 to 18 and a fortnight's hike in Peak for girls and boys 14-18. Apply Cobb, 19 High St., Trumpington, Cambridge.

PROF. man speaking some French reqs. colloquial conversation from native spkr. Some writing. Lond. area. Box 222.

STUDENT, 22, m., seeks similar hitch-hiking 2 weeks during August on Continent. AMH. 2490 after 10 p.m.

ITALIAN/Latin taught by Italian University student. 'Phone CAN. 3567.

HOUSE Party. Carefree, inexpensive holiday. Aug. Sea. Nr. New Forest. Box 9734.

CORNWALL, nr. Land's End. Family holidays, moderate rates. Sandy beaches; good food. Dora Russell, Carn Voel, Porthcurno, nr. Penzance.

CHILDREN'S Holidays. Odam Hill Children's Farm, Romansleigh, S. Molton, Devon, welcomes boys and girls for a country holiday, July 29-Sept. 16. Varied programme. Riding tuition. Write for prospectus.

PADDINGTON 6.5, Reading, Kemp's bus to Braziers Lane, dinner at 8. Write for programmes: Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

PERSONAL—continued

ORIGINAL Holiday, including 4 days Holland, Rhine cruise and 4 days Black Forest. Return by charter 'plane. August 8-22. Erna Low, 47 (N.S.) Old Brompton Road, London, S.W.7. Ken. 0911.

DAY trips on the canals around London on the narrow-boat "Evelyn." Picnics in open country and pleasant canal scenery. Sketching trips, club outings and cocktail parties by arrangement. Fully licensed bar open throughout trip. Meals and Light Refreshments available. Individual tickets (weekends only) 7s. Hire of complete boat (Accommodate 60) £17 10s. per day. Details from The Canal Packet Boat Company, Paddington Toll Office, Delamere Terrace, Paddington. Phone: Cunningham 5272.

COOK wanted by University theatrical company thirty strong. Five weeks experience at Edinburgh Festival only remuneration. Write to Christopher Bell, Oriel College, Oxford.

ONE of England's few hand-block Print Works is available for Sale as a going concern, and being located in a delightful rural area would be very suited as an investment to an artist with a flair for business and with some small capital available. The Works are at present operating on a profit making basis, and have sound technical direction. Apply Box 229.

SPANISH lessons wanted by advanced beginner, reasonable fee. PRI. 2808.

CARAVAN for sale, 4-berth, £115. View, Car Park, Savoy Ballrooms, South Parade, Southsea, or phone GER. 2043 (LAN. 4284 wk. ends).

FRENCH family, opticians, Annecy, Savoy, offers 3-4 wks. hosp. July, to 2 people in exch., 6-8 wks. Aug.-Sept., S. of Eng., for their son (18). Write: C. Kohler, Lycée Garçons, Annecy, France.

YOU do not need a holiday or a rest-cure if you have a course of Nerve Manipulation. A reintegrating treatment, relaxing and invigorating. The Nerve Centre, 1 Bentinck Street, London, W.1. Welbeck 9600. Ask for brochure.

CHILDREN'S House party at Weymouth. July 25-August 22. Brochure, Sec., Rodwell Summer School, 49 Coborn Rd., E.3.

SCHOOLGIRL, 15, Grammar Vth Form, industrious, intelligent, reliable, seeks residential post with family for Summer holidays. Clerical, library help, anything considered. Refs. exchanged. Box 5802.

WELL-known Dutch portrait painter, exhibitor R. [redacted] now, can undertake a few more portraits, also children's (at your home), few sittings. Moderate charges. PRI. 9185 after 5 p.m.

THE Union of Modern Free Churchmen welcomes to membership all Christian people who are not afraid of new knowledge or free discussion: write The Secretary, 135 Hemdean Rd., Caversham, Reading.

WRITE about "You"—and increase your income. Send for Free N 3 "Know-How Guide to Writing Success." No Sales—No Fees tuition. B.A. School of Successful Writing, Ltd., 124 New Bond St., London, W.1.

CAPRI, Sorrento, Pompeii, Naples, Rome. The best personal tour of southern Italy. Small parties escorted by Mr. Lamming. 16 days, 49gns. Allways, 17, Sicilian Avenue, W.C.1. CHA. 6436/7.

ADVICE given on statistical aspect of reports and investigations. Box 8859.

JOHN Vickers—Photographer. Specialist in Portraiture of those who usually face the camera with misgiving. 'Phone Victoria 4915. 29a, Belgrave Road, London, S.W.1.

MATHS. for Matric. Inter. Rustomjee, 2 Carlingford Rd., N.W.3. HAM. 0210. 6 Rectory Avenue, High Wycombe. H.W. 1436.

BOYS and girls enjoy holidays at Pinewood, Amwellbury, Herts. Elizabeth Strachan. Ware 52.

HOLIDAYS the "En Famille" Way in Austria, France, Germany, Scandinavia. . . . "To get the best out of travelling is to learn to understand new customs, new ways of living, new ways even of thinking." Spend your holidays abroad, then, in the interesting, friendly atmosphere of a private family. Illus. Brochure: E.F.A., 20 Buckingham St., W.C.2.

INTERNATIONAL Socialist Youth Camp, Yugoslavia. Finest and cheapest holiday available this year on Adriatic coast. July 26-August 9, £23. Closing date: July 11. Details from I.U.S.Y. (See below).

INTERNATIONAL Union of Socialist Youth also offers holiday camps, centres, summer courses and festivals in many countries abroad. Full programme from I.U.S.Y., 8 Gayfere St., S.W.1. ABB. 6894.

SUMMER house party for boys & girls, 7-16; Somerset coast. We specialise in this kind of holiday. Ill. brochure—Junior Holiday Club, 34 Clarges St., W.1. GRO. 5093.

CHILDREN'S Hotel. Sea. Country. Every care. Thanet House, St. Peter's, Broadstairs. Thanet 62547.

PHILIP HUMPHREYS, Psychologist, 69 Prince's Gate, South Kensington, S.W.7. Kensington 8042.

GO abroad in driven 8-seater saloon, 6d./km. and £2/day. Box 88.

PERSONAL—continued

FACILITY is more than a new kind of handyman service—it is a unique workshop which can, for example, collect your ageing electric, gas and other heating appliances, re-delivering them better-than-new. Autumn soon comes, get details now from "Facility Repairs and Renovations," 83-91 Little Albany Street, N.W.1. Euston 7211.

JEWISH social group will accept few new members; cultured background & Zionist sympathies essential. Box 9726.

ART. Franciszka Themerson gives private tuition in painting and design. The Studio, 49 Randolph Ave., W.9. CUN. 2924.

SCHOOL hols. Show the kids London. House (except attic), sleep 5 or 6, 20 mins. Charing X, 7 weeks from July 25, £35 incl. Mr. X, 63 Tweedy Rd., Bromley, Kent.

TOURING France, Italy and Switzerland: two or three seats available in "Vanguard" car. Box 99.

CAP d'Antibes: Holidays in private villa by the sea. French cuisine. Box 9686.

COME and rest in old-fashioned Irish village. Modern conveniences. Continental cooking. French, German and Russian conversation at choice. £6. Box 9671.

FINHAUT, most beautiful Swiss village near Mont Blanc. Ideal quiet holiday. Hotels from 20s. to 25s. daily inclusive. British representative: C. Rackett, Benhams, Yapton, Sussex. Telephone 256.

FOR the best holiday value in Switzerland and all available countries write for 1953 Programme to Swiss Hotel Plan Travel Service, 245 Regent St., London, W.1. 'Phone: GRO. 8921. 21 Continental Offices.

CORSICA for an inexpensive "out of the ordinary" 14 days sunshine holiday at the Camp de l'Horizon on the beautiful Bay of Calvi by air and full board and accommodation for only £39 10s. Plan now. Write or phone for fully illustrated free brochure to (Dept. CS26), Horizon Holidays, Ltd., 146 Fleet St., London, E.C.4. CITy 7163.

A FEW vacancies, chiefly for gentlemen, in Swiss & Austrian tours. Air travel. E.L.B. Tours, 154 Westbourne Grove, W.11. BAY. 5916.

PSYCHOLOGICAL treatment on private consultant lines. Partics. from Sec., London Centre for Psychotherapy, 11b Dryden Chambers, 119 Oxford St., London, W.1.

THE Central Board for Conscientious Objectors, 6 Endsleigh St., W.C.1, offers its advice on matters of conscience to those liable for National Service and to Registrists.

ROBERT George Miles, Psychologist, 70 Belsize Park Gdns., N.W.3. PRI. 6982.

HANDWRITING expertly analysed for Character, Aptitudes, Abilities, etc., by graphologist 30 yrs. standing. Dtls. Box 9741.

PSYCHOLOGIST. Mrs. Phyllis Perlow, 89 Somerton Rd., N.W.2. GLA. 2400.

LIVERY Men look much better on Ferrania, the film that guarantees the best results from any camera.

BAKER St. School of Dancing (97). Priv. lessns/classes Ballrm. dancing. WEL. 4841.

P.S. "Procrastination is the Thief of Time!" Will it steal Your holiday this year? Danger threatens the unwary as Harold Ingham's summer courses fill up. Summer schools in Barcelona, Lausanne, Rome, Venice, Palma, Mayrhofen, Zagreb and a walking holiday in Switzerland that makes a normal holiday in England appear as a riotous extravagance in comparison.

P.P.S. Do not discover all this too late—write now, while there may still be time, to 15 St. John's Road, Harrow—or phone Harrow 1040.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT AND WANTED

DORSET Chambers, 52/53 Leinster Sq., W.2. 'Phone BAY. 1665. Beaut. serv. rooms, bed breakf., dinner opt. Moderate.

RESIDENTIAL Club, 33 Belsize Square, London, N.W.3. Students and young business people from 50s., with excellent meals; comfortable rooms, all h. & c.; television. Write for application form.

LARGE well-furn. bed-sittingroom in prof. (musical) house, Wimbledon. (20 min. Waterloo.) Ckg. facils., use of bathroom, linen, own meters. Suit. 1 gentleman. £3. 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19. WIM. 0168.

LONDON, York House, 27 Philbeach Gardens, Earls Court, S.W.5. Tel. FRO. 7579. Bed & breakfast, 15s. daily.

A BRIGHT hotel (close Marble Arch), White Park, 9, Lancaster Gate, W.2 (Pad. 8406); c.h.w., 'phones, restaurant, porters, from 17s. 6d. daily, and breakfast.

SERVICE rooms, Chelsea. Fully furn., central heating, C.h.w., bed and breakfast from 3½gns. per week. FLA. 7755.

KENWYN Private Hotel, 29 West Cromwell Rd., S.W.5. FRO. 1000. All cons. 12s. 6d./15s. 6d. B. & B., wkly. terms arrgd.

FURNISHED 2-roomed flat with all conveniences for 3/4 months—from August. Notting Hill Gate. Box 223.

NEAR Baker Street, opposite park, large divan bed-sitting room, one or two persons; electric cooker. Nicholson, AMB. 3320. Box 160.

ACCOMMODATION—continued

HAMPSTEAD. Sunny furnished room, temp./perm. £2 10s. Tel. PRI. 4068.

STUDENT (m.) with attic-flat S. Ken. wishes to share. Write Box 232.

YOUNG lady offers share pleasant top-floor flat with two others. Three bedrooms. Reasonable rent. Two mins. Tube. Davies, 6/23 Shepherds Hill, Highgate, N.6.

JULY-week in London. Old-St.-Pancras scholar's room, good-sized, simple, view on garden, use 'phone & bath-kitchen; friendly cat to feed; for one week from about July 4 to 13: £2. Ring 8-10 a.m. TER. 5195.

TWO well-furn. sgle. bed-sit. rms., use kit., nr. Kilburn Tube. HAM. 2132.

A VERY large, luxuriously furnished twin-bedded sitting-room; hot and cold running water, gas fire and ring. £3 10s. weekly, preferably ladies. Apply, mornings only, Halifax, 89a Alexandra Road, London, N.W.8. MAIda Vale 3436.

TO let, furn. bed-sit., div., basin, h. & c., Harper ckr. 30s. Finchley. Box 195.

WESTMINSTER, smallish bed-sit. rm. in pleas. priv. house. Ckg. facils. Suit gent. Cleaning, linen. 45s. p.w. Box 133.

PLEASANTLY furnished room for single man. Close Kilburn Tube. GLA. 7272 after 6 p.m. Friday.

LUXURIOUS sgle. divan-room, use kit., gas, room-service, bed-linen, milk. Trig., £2 15s. MAI. 5267.

ATTRACTIVE flat top-floor, quiet Chelsea square, to let fully furnished July 27-Aug. 15 or longer. 70s. per week. Box 292.

NR. West End comf. div.-rm., c.h.w. Ckg. fac. Serv. Gdn. 2½gns. PARk 4651.

COMF. divan-room in Continental house. Breakfast/dinner, all conveniences, £3 10s. per week. GLA. 3254 or Box 280.

TO let, single & double divan-bed-sitting rooms, with partial board. Terms mod. 'Phone MAI. 4154 or call 98 Maida Vale.

BACHELOR (30), music-lover and impecunious, would like share his digs. with other. Box 194.

BED-SIT in s.-c. flat. C.H.W. Lift. Business lady or gent. 3gns. wkly. Use of kit. Bay. 3527, after 7 p.m.

LGE. newly-redec. very well-furn. one bed-sit. room, use kit.; superior house 1 min. bus/tube; ring after 7 p.m. MAI. 7049.

BACHELOR offers use of S.C. furn. flat, N.W.8, during his absences, to another and to share when in town. 2½gns. p.w., reduction when sharing. Snags. Box 15.

WELL-furn. newly. dec. bed-sit. rm. Belsize Park Gdns. Ckg. facils. PRI. 2354.

BUSINESS woman wants one or two others to share her country cottage at Wheathampstead. 1 min. bus stop, easy reach St. Pancras from Harpenden. Box 142.

SELF-contained small furn. annexe country house 16 miles North London. Sit. rm., dble. bedrm., kitch./bath. Electricity. Close buses, trains. Own part garden. 13gns. per month. Tel.: Gadebrook 3586.

TO Let Furn. delightful modernised 17th-Cent. cottage on Surrey-Sussex borders, 75 minutes London. Completely redecorated. Accom. comprises living and dining rooms, three bedrooms, bathroom, kitchen. Garden 3/4 acres with fruit cage. Mains water, h. & c., modern sanitation, 'phone. Low rent for long lease. Apply Kenney, 17 Reynolds Close, N.W.11. SPE. 1987, evgs.

FURNISHED cottage to let, Wye Valley. June, July, Aug., 25s. p.w. Box 41.

TINY furn. garden cottage, upper Thames, lovely situation, elec., sleep 2 max. Vacant August 15-29, September 19-30. Bathing, boating, fishing. Partics. Box 8942.

ISLE of Mull. Furnished cottage, 2 rooms. Mod. cons. 3gns. week. Box 29.

NORTH Wales: to let furnished August, small house, sleep 4, within reach sea and mountains. 4gns. p.w. Box 4.

TO let furn. Bungalow, cent. Lakes, acc. 4, Sept. 12-26, Oct. 3 onwards. Box 74.

SOMERSET, near Wincanton: Civilised all-elec. farm cottage, sleep 4/5, service avail.; free most of summer, 4½ to 6gns. wk, according circumstances. Box 38.

CORNWALL. Pretty furn. cottage, sleep 5, all mod. cons. 5 mins. creek. Betw. Truro-Falmouth. July onwards. MEA. 3783.

RUISLIP. Bungalow with garden. July 25-Sept. 1. 4½gns. p.w. Box 170.

YNG prof. woman, interested Arts, shs. flat or congenial surroundings London, mod. rent. 'Phone essential. Box 179.

WANTED: Single Studio Flat, Central/S.W. Area. Reasonable rent. Box 191.

YOUNG couple, both teaching, seek unf. flat 5 mls. Hammersmith. Box 148.

UNFURNISHED flat or rooms required for lady writer. Quiet house, London postal area. Box 335.

PROF. couple req. furn./unfurn. accom. London area or 20-mile radius. Box 125.

REQUIRED Aug. 9-Sept. 12 approx. Seaside house, sleep 6. Suffolk, Norfolk, Cornwall, Dorset or Pemb. Reas. Box 9777.

ENTERTAINMENTS

MERMAID on Royal Exchange (Man. 7616). Ben Jonson's Comedy "Eastward Ho!" 6 & 8.40. Mat. Sat. 2.30. Com. Wed. "Macbeth." 6 p.m. 2s. 6d.-12s. 6d.

SHAKESPEARE Festival. Morley College Actors in "Love's Labour's Lost," at the George Inn Courtyard, Southwark. 2 mins. London Bridge Stn. July 6-11 at 7.30 p.m. Matinee 11th at 3 p.m. Adm. free, seats 2s. 6d. (unbookable).

ARTS. Tem. 3334. 7 (ex. Mon.) St. Sun. 5 & 8. "Arms and the Man." Mems.

IRVING. Whi. 8657. From July 1, nightly at 10.30 (Sun. 9.30), "Talk of the Night," a new Summer Revue. Mems. 5s. yearly.

UNITY (Rus. 5391). Sean O'Casey's Comedies, "Three in a Row" Weds.-Suns. 7.30. Mems. 2s. 6d. p.a.

DAS Kommödchen (The Artists' Theatre of Düsseldorf), in "More Whisky—Less Vodka," a new literary revue in German, under the patronage of Peter Ustinov. June 22-July 5 (Suns. incl.), 7.30 p.m. Mats. Wed., Sat., Sun., 2.30 p.m., at the Park Lane Theatre, 45 Park Lane, W.1. Leaflets from Library of the German Language, 4b Beisize Grove, N.W.3 (Primrose 6083). Tickets 10s. 6d., 7s. 6d., 5s., 3s. 6d., from the Library and the Box Office, Grosvenor 7711.

EVERYMAN. Ham. 1525. Until June 28: Menotti's "The Medium" (X). From June 29: Raimu in "La Femme du Boulanger" (A).

PEOPLE'S Pal. Adv. 3331. Sun., June 28, 7.30. "L'Ingenue Libertine" (X) French.

ILFORD New Era Film Society. (VAL. 7262), Sunday, June 28, at 7.30 p.m. Ilford Town Hall. "Council of the Gods," and Sucksdorff's "People in the City." U.P.A. Cartoon: "Madeline."

"CONDEMNED Village"—British prelimières great new German film. English sub-titles. Lambeth Town Hall with J. B. Figgins; Conway Hall with Gordon Schaffer. Monday, June 29, 7.15 p.m. Tickets 2s. London Peace Federation, 81 City Road, E.C.1. CLE. 0383.

SATURDAY, July 4, International Co-operative Day celebrations at Festival Pleasure Gardens, Battersea Park. Mannequin Parades, Dancing, Music, Competitions plus all the regular attractions. Reduced price tickets (1s.) at any London Co-operative Society branch or from P.R.O., L.C.S., Ltd., 54 Maryland St., London, E.15.

SUMMER Fair & Garden Party, June 27. Don't miss the bargains & fun. Delightful afternoon in open air. All kinds of goods & amusements. Crèche for babies in arm[illegible] Entrance 1s. (children 6d.). S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8. 2-6 p.m.

THE Isobel Cripps Centre Association. Garden Party on July 4 at 2.30 p.m., at 18 Lansdowne Road, W.11. (Holland Park Underground.) Jumble Sale, Produce Stall and Tombola. Film shows at 3, 4 and 5 p.m. Teas at 1s. 6d. Come and bring your friends. Tel.: Park 7222.

DANCING, pleasant atmosphere at The Blue Danube Club, 153 Finchley Road, N.W.3, every Sat. & Sun., 8.30-12. Mems.

MIDSUMMER Dance, June 27, 8-11 p.m. Tickets at door 3s. 6d. single, 6s. double (in adv. 3s. 6d. ea.). Come and enjoy attractive garden, unusual refrmnts. Members' Bar. Floor show. S.C.R., 14 Kensington Sq., W.8.

CONCERTS

ROYAL Festival Hall (Recital Room), Thurs. July 2, at 8.15 (presented by Institute of Contemporary Arts). Quartet (Humphrey Searle), Piano Sonata No. 1 (Hubert du Plessis); "Landscapes" for Tenor & Instruments (1st perf.) (Denis ApIvor); Concertante (Elisabeth Lutyens); String Trio (Tom Eastwood); Carmina Felium for Soprano & Instruments (Wilfrid Mellers). Soloists: Pauline Lewis, Wilfred Brown, Hubert du Plessis, Peter Stadlen, Virtuoso Chamber Ensemble. 8s., 5s., 2s. 6d., from Hall (Wat. 3191)/I.C.A. 17/18 Dover St. W.1.

HENRY Wood Promenade Concerts, Royal Albert Hall. B.B.C. presents 59th Season, Sat. July 25 to Sat., Sept. 19. Prospectus giving full programmes and details of ticket booking arrangements, now on sale, from Royal Albert Hall and Agents. Send 6d. postal order (not stamps).

GUILDHALL Ensemble. Conductor: Alan Barlow. Chenil Galleries (adj. Chelsea Town Hall), Mon., June 29, at 8. In the Beginning (Aaron Copland); Quintet (First performance) (Stefans Grove); Symphony No. 6 (Darius Milhaud); Motets, Part-Songs, Folk-Songs. Harp Solos played by Ossian Ellis. Tickets: 5s., 3s. 6d., 2s. 6d., at Hall, Agents & Ibbs & Tillett, Ltd., 124 Wigmore St., W.1.

INVITATION Pianoforte Recital by pupils of Dorothy Hesse, Wigmore Hall, Tues., July 7, at 7. Tickets may be had at Box Office, Wigmore Hall, and Miss Hesse, 109a Earl's Court Rd., W.8. Stamped addressed env. must accompany all applicns. by post.

PREEDY-Halling-Gabarro Trio: Beethoven, Brahms, Turina. Mayflower Barn, Jordans, Saturday, July 4 at 8 p.m. Tickets 6s. from H. Nicholson, Sunnybrae, Jordans, Bucks. Trains Marylebone.

EXHIBITIONS

GIMPEL Fils, 50 South Molton St., W.1. Graphic Work of J. Braque.

EXHIBITIONS—continued

GANYMED Facsimiles & Turnstile Prints on show daily, 11 Great Turnstile, W.C.1. Illustrated catalogue 1s. post free.

THE Iveagh Bequest, Kenwood. Exhibition of Original Drawings by Robert and James Adam. Admission free. Weekdays 10-6, Sundays 2.30-6. 210 bus from Archway or Golders Green Stations.

ROYAL Tombs at Westminster Abbey. An Exhibition of Photographs. Arts Council Gallery, 4 St. James's Square, S.W.1. Open till July 4. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. & Thurs. 10-8. Admission free.

ICA. Gallery, 17 Dover St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition: Henry Moore drawings and his recent "Seated Figure" in terra cotta. Closing June 25. Daily 11-6. Sun. 2-6.

SLATTER Gallery. Important Dutch Masters. 10-5.30, Sat. 10-1. 30 Old Bond St.

GAINSBOROUGH: Open till August 4. Graham Sutherland: Open till August 9. Arts Council Exhibns. Tate Gallery. Mon., Fri., Sat., 10-6; Tues., Wed., Thurs., 10-9; Sun. 2-6. Adm. 1s. to each exhibition.

REDFERN Gallery, 20 Cork St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition of Contemporary British Paintings. Hours 10-6, Sat. 10-1.

BRITISH Life. Arts Council Exhibition New Burlington Galleries, Old Burlington St., W.1. Open till July 11. Mons., Weds., Fris., Sats. 10-6, Tues. and Thurs. 10-8. Admission 1s.

MATTHIESEN Gallery: Birds and Beasts —Paintings and Drawings of Five Centuries. 142 New Bond St., 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

HANOVER Gallery, 32a St. George Street, W.1. Recent Paintings by William Scott. Also Pictures and Designs by Robin and Christopher Ironside, and Paintings by Betty Shaw-Lawrence. Until July 3.

ROLAND, Browse & Delbanco, 19 Cork St., W.1. Vlaminck, Derain & Souverbie.

WHITECHAPEL Art Gallery. Thomas Rowlandson (1756-1827) Drawings and Watercolours and James Gillray (1757-1815) Coloured Engravings. Daily 11-6. Sundays 2-6, closed Mondays.

LEICESTER Galleries, Leicester Sq., 4 Exhibitions—Epstein, Simon Bussy, Derek Hill, Mary Potter. 10-5.30. Sats. 10-1.

BERKELEY Galleries, 20 Davies St., W.1. Exhib. of Porcelain & Stoneware by Lucie Rie & Hans Coper. Dly. 10-6. Sat. 10-1.

WELLCOME Historical Medical Museum, 28 Portman Sq., W.1. Exhibitions: Medicine under Three Queens—Elizabeth I, Victoria, Medicine among Aboriginal Peoples in the British Commonwealth. Daily (Sun. exc.) 10-5. Adm. free.

ROYAL Society of British Artists. R.B.A. Galleries, Suffolk St., S.W.1. Summer Exhibition. 10-5. Admission 1s.

THE Royal Pavilion, Brighton, will be closed to the public until July 26, owing to the U.N. Civil Aviation Conference being held there.

BEN Uri Gallery, 14 Portman St., W.1. Coronation Exhibition (Chagall, Degas, Manet, Modigliani, Monet, Rouault, Sickert, etc.). Daily (except Sat.) 11-6. Wednesdays 7-10 p.m., Sundays 2-6. Until July 12. Adm. 1s. 6d. (students 9d.).

ARCADE Gallery, 28 Old Bond St. Art of Still-Life (1600-1950): Abr. Brueghel, Meléndez, Roestraten, Braque, Morandi.

EXHIBITION at Heal's by British Artists and Craftsmen. Hand-made furniture—Hand-thrown Pottery Coronation Lithographs. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

HOUSE & Garden Decoration Centre exhibition—redesigned for summer living with House & Garden Colours. 16 Grafton Street, W.1. Admission free. Mon.-Fri. 10-5, Sat. 10-12.30.

FURNISHING to a Figure. Furn. rooms designed to help those with limited budgets. Heal & Son, 196 Tott. Ct. Rd., W.1.

IRVING Galleries, Irving St., Leics. Sq. Oils by John Leech, Peter Midgley, Hazel Ward. Until July 11.

AIA., 15 Lisle Street, Leics. Sq. Summer Exhibition. Daily 11-6, Saturdays inc. Sending in Battersea small pictures, July 1 & 2. Forms from A.I.A.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS

THE Progressive Business Men's Forum. The Rt. Hon. Harold Wilson will speak on his Trade Talks in Moscow. Thursday, July 9, at 7.45 p.m. Cora Hotel, Upper Woburn Place, W.C.1. Visitors 3s. 6d. Kindly reserve your seats, Welbeck 0136. N.B.—Our next Inter-Mthly. mtg., July 15.

ART in Poland. Paul Hogarth talks on his recent visit to Poland. 7.30 p.m. Friday, June 26. Polish Cultural Institute, 81 Portland Pl., W.1. Also exhib. Polish posters.

J. BUTTON HYND: "Religion and the State." At Ethical Church, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, Sun., June 28, at 11 a.m.

BUILDING a new Society. The argument for Plural Marriage (Collateral Marital Union) for both sexes after 7 years. Edward A. Wilson, M.D. (Non-Register). Lecture Hall, 4a Inverness Pl., W.2, punct. at 7 p.m. Sunday, July 5. Collection. 1 min. Bayswater, Inner Circle, and Queensway, Central Line Stations.

LECTURES AND MEETINGS—continued

ALL Nations Social Club, Kingsley Martin (editor of "The New Statesman"), "Britain's Future in Africa." At 8 p.m., Monday, June 29, at Weigh House Church Hall, Binney Street, W.1 (off Oxford Street, between Bond Street and Selfridges). Non-mems. 1s. 6d. at door. Questions & Discn.

CENTRAL London Fabian Society. Wednesday, July 1, 7.30. St. Anne's House, 57 Dean St., W.C.1. "The New Policy Statement of the Labour Party." Speaker: Dr. N. Bacon. Admission 2s.

SHAW Society presents: Julian Franklyn (author of "The Cockney"): "Cockney, Phonetics, & Shaw," 7 Albemarle St., W.1., Mon., June 29, 7 p.m. Non-mems. 2s. (Shavian lectures also arr. for other groups; apply 45 Steeplestone Close, London, N.18.)

CHINA. From Korean truce to friendship with China. Thomas Russell, back from China, and the Rev. J. Boggis, speaking at Hampstead Town Hall, Wed., July 1, 8 p.m. Adm. 6d. Hampstead B.C.F.A.

SOUTH Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Sunday Mornings at 11 o'clock. June 28, Professor T. H. Pear, M.A., "Growing Up Mentally." Questions after lecture. Admission free.

JUNIOR Discussion Group, South Place Ethical Society, Conway Hall, Red Lion Sq., W.C.1. Friday, June 26, 7.15 p.m., Dr. Hans Jaeger, "The Crisis of Democracy."

DR. V. RAGHAVAN, M.A., on "Sacred Writings of the Hindus," Saturday, June 27 at 6 p.m. (not 8.15). Donald Moss, M.A., on "Genetics: Blood Groups and Heredity," Friday, July 3, 8.15 p.m. All Welcome. No collection. London Branch, Indian Institute of Culture, 62 Queen's Gardens, W.2.

UNIVERSALIST Service, Sunday, June 28, 3.15 p.m., Denison House, 296 Vauxhall Bdge. Rd., Nr. Victoria Stn. Discourse by Rev. W. J. Pigott, M.A. "Christ's Peace on Earth." P.P.U. Religion Commission.

BUDDHIST Society, 16 Gordon Sq., W.C.1. Public lecture, Wed., July 1, 6.30 p.m. "The five Mental Hindrances and their Eradication by Buddhist Training." Mr. R. Fussell.

RAMAKRISHNA Vedanta Centre, 68 Dukes Ave., Muswell Hill, N.10: (i) Meditation & Discourse at the Centre every Sun., 5.30 p.m. (ii) Swami Ghanananda, Kingsway Hall, Thurs., 7.30. July 2: "Socio-religious Aspects of Indian Life." All welcome. "Vedanta for East and West," bimonthly, 15s. annually.

THEOSOPHY: a Public [illegible] Sundays, 7 p.m. June 28. "Dreams and the Dreamer." All welcome. No collection. United Lodge of Theosophists, 62 Queen's Gdns., W.2. Leinster Terrace bus stop, Bayswater Rd., Paddington, or Lancaster Gate Stn., nr. Devonshire Terrace, Craven Rd.

THE Linguists' Club, 20 Grosvenor Place, S.W.1. July 4, at 6 p.m., Mr. P. Harrison: "The Story of Porcelain."

"MAKE better use of your camera" and "Experimental Music," July 3-5 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon. Checkendon 221.

LECTURE COURSES AND SPECIALISED TRAINING

CONFERENCE on "Democratic Rights for Kenya Africans," Sunday, July 19, 10.30 a.m. to 5 p.m. at Denison House, Vauxhall Bridge Road, London, S.W.1. Speakers include Mbiyu Koinange, Gordon Schaffer. Apply for credentials to Kenya Provisional Committee, 112 Clarendon Road, W.11.

THE Present Question Conference, 1953, will be held at Lady Margaret Hall, Oxford, from August 8 to 15. Theme: "Springs of Action." Speakers and Chairmen: T. F. Coade, Professor C. A. Coulson, Michael Foster, W. D. Hogarth, Professor H. D. Lewis, Professor P. B. Medawar, Dr. J. H. Oldham, Leslie Paul, Sir Herbert Read, Dr. I. Rostas, Christopher Salmon, Professor K. B. Smellie, W. A. Sinclair, Otto van der Sprenkel, H. Westmann, J. F. Wolfenden. Enquiries to: Secretariat, 37 Middleway, London, N.W.11.

THE World Union for Progressive Judaism. International Conference in London, July 2 to 9, 1953. Public Sessions on Sunday, July 5 at the Liberal Jewish Synagogue, 28 St. John's Wood Rd., N.W.8. "The Religious Approach to World Problems." 10.30-1.30, Rabbi Dr. Leo Baeck: Introduction. Rabbi Dr. I. I. Mattuck: The Need for a Spiritual Renaissance. Rev. Dr. Nelson Glueck: (President of the Hebrew Union College, Cincinnati, U.S.A.), Social and International Issues. 2.30-5.30. Group Discussions on the Addresses. 8.00. Reports of the Group Meetings and Summing up by the main speakers. Detailed programme of the Conference on request from the Secretariat of the World Union for Progressive Judaism, 51, Palace Court, W.2.

COLEG Harlech Third Annual Drama Week (July 25-Aug. 1). Mr. Clifford Williams, Course Director, with a professional Resident Company (The Travelling Harlequin Players, in conjunction with the Mime Theatre Company of London). Students specialise in Acting, Production, Stage Management or Lighting. Five-guinea inclusive fee for tuition, board and accomm. Secretary, Coleg Harlech, Harlech, Merioneth. (Phone Harlech 363.)

TOUCH-typing and/or Shorthand. Private tuition. Bayswater 1786.

LECTURE COURSES, etc.—continued

BRAZIERS Park School of Integrative Social Research. If you would like to be in close touch with new thought and research on social problems, through regular communications, drop a card now to Research Com. Sec., Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon, for full details of Research Communications Project.

MENTAL & Physical exercises based on Yoga. Every Wednesday afternoon at the Legat Studio, 44-46 Drury Lane, W.C.2. Also evening classes. Further information from Arend J. Vos, 39 Portnall Road, W.9.

THE 31st International Montessori Diploma Course under the personal direction of Mr. Mario Montessori will be held in London from September, 1953, to March, 1954. For further information apply to the Honorary Secretary, Montessori Diploma Course, 14 Gordon Square, London, W.C.1.

ADMINISTRATIVE and Secretarial Training. Expert advice on careers. Individual care. Good posts found for all qualified students. Courses for Political, Hospital, Hotel and Library work; Journalism, Advertising, Languages and Foreign Shorthands and in Management; also in English for Foreign Students. Intensive training for graduates. Scholarships available. Resident and day students. Apply J. W. Loveridge, M.A. (Cantab.), St. Godric's Secretarial College, 2 Arkwright Rd. N.W.3. Hamp. 5986.

LANGUAGE Tuition Centre, School of Foreign Languages and School of English for Foreign Nationals, 63 Oxford St., W.1. Tel. Gerrard 8531-2. All Foreign Languages taught in day and evening classes, or private lessons; beginners and all grades. Intensive Daily Classes in English and preparation for Cambridge Univ. Certificate. Short or Long Courses. Enrolment daily. Prospectus free.

MARLBOROUGH Secretarial College, 110A High Street, Oxford. Tel. Oxford 4349. Director: H. R. Light, B.Sc., F.C.I.S. Comprehensive training for high grade secretarial appointments for students of good general education. Day and Evening classes. Special courses for Graduates. Prospectus on application to Head Mistress.

POSTAL tuition for Gen. Cert. of Educn. (Lond., Oxf., Camb., Northn.); London B.A., B.Sc., B.Sc.Econ., LL.B., B.D., Degrees; Law Exams., etc. Low fees. Prospectus from C. D. Parker, M.A., LL.D., Dept. VH92, Wolsey Hall, Oxford (est. 1894).

COMPLETE Secretarial Training and shorter courses for graduates or older students at Davies's, White Lodge, 2 Addison Rd., W.14. Telephone: Park 4465.

INTENSIVE Secretarial Training (Gregg). Also evening classes shorthand/typewriting. Frances King, 3 Harrington Road, S.W.7. KEN. 4771, REN. 1806.

EXPERT Tuition in interpretation and technique of pianoforte playing—Leschetizky Method. Tanya Polunin L.R.A.M. BAY 2816.

KYNASTON School of Pianoforte, 21 Denmark Ave., S.W.19 (WIM. 0168) and West End studio. Long est. reputation for musical training. Leschetizky technique. Pupils taken all stages. Prosp. & School Magazine "The Keyboard" from Sec. 'Phone or Write.

SPANISH guitar tuition, Segovia style. Beginners' Courses, regardless of age. Free Folder: Len Williams, Spanish Centre, 12 Little Newport Street, W.C.2. GER. 6457.

LANGUAGES incl. Russian, English for foreigners, in comf. informal atmosphere at Language Centre, Gayton Rd., N.W.3. Expd. teachers, mod. fees. HAM. 9097.

MARIAN Naylor, Dinely Studios, Marylebone Road, N.W.1. Intensive Part-time Day Course (Oct.-March) for students making the Stage their career. Auditions July. One scholarship available. Past students now in Rep., on tour, and television. Details of Course and of private coaching for all auditions and exams. on request.

SUMMER SCHOOLS

SUMMER Film School of the British Film Institute, August 16-29. The successful residential course of last year held in Scotland is to be repeated at Glasgow and Edinburgh. A week of intensive study of the Art and History of the film in Glasgow, with morning and afternoon lectures and discussions and evening film programmes, will be followed by a week coinciding with the opening of the Edinburgh Festival, in that city, with free periods for Festival activities. Enrolments are now well under way. Particulars from the Course Organiser, British Film Institute, 4, Great Russell Street, W.C.1. MUSeum 0581.

A POTTERY Course will be run in Bath August 17-29. Fee £10 10s. Non-resident. Full details from: John Shelly, The Bath Pottery, Barton Buildings, Bath.

SUSSEX House Party by the sea invites other members. July 31-August 29. Foreign language practice. £8 5s. per week, all incl. Families at reduced rates. Box 307.

"HOLIDAY Painting & Modelling." July 17-27 at Braziers, Ipsden, Oxon.

DRAMA Schools. Three Arts Centre, London, W.1. Day School July 27-Aug. 7, 5 gns. Evening School Aug. 10-21, 4½ gns. Dir.: Marian Naylor. All branches Dramatic Art for teachers, actors, producers. Details: Mrs. M. Medd, Heathdene, Otford, Kent.

More Classified Adverts. on Pages 789, 790, 791

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